

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Fifth Year of Issue

February, 1946

## What the CCF Needs

ANDREW BREWIN



## The Good Old Excess Profits Tax

HORACE KING



## Agitator—DeLuxe Model

ROSS MacMURRAY



Welcome Home, Private  
Enterprise  
P. C. TORY

Report From the  
Slums  
SAMUEL RODDAN

## CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

O CANADA .....	250
EDITORIALS .....	251
DREW'S PREPOSTEROUS PROPOSAL .....	252
WHAT THE CCF NEEDS— <i>Andrew Brewin</i> .....	254
THE GOOD OLD EXCESS PROFITS TAX— <i>Horace King</i> .....	256
AGITATOR—DE LUXE MODEL— <i>Ross MacMurray</i> .....	258
CORRESPONDENCE .....	262
WELCOME HOME, PRIVATE ENTERPRISE!— <i>P. C. Tory</i> .....	263
FILM REVIEW— <i>D. Mosdell</i> .....	264
UNCONSCIOUS FASCISM— <i>Dorothy Fraser</i> .....	265
REPORT FROM THE SLUMS— <i>Samuel Roddan</i> .....	266

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH

LITTLE FRIEND, LITTLE FRIEND .....	Miriam Waddington 268
STRANGE TEMPE .....	Earle Birney 268
TWENTIETH CENTURY VERSE TRUE HARVEST .....	Alan Creighton 269
BRAVE HARVEST .....	Blodwen Davies 269
SOCIALISM FROM WHERE WE ARE THE SOCIAL FRAMEWORK OF THE AMERICAN ECONOMY .....	E. A. Beder 270
LUMBER AND LABOUR .....	Murray Cotterill 271

## THE CANADIAN FORUM

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## O CANADA

H. C. Nicholls of Toronto, president of the Canadian Construction Association, told that organization's annual convention . . . "My advice to those individuals in need of shelter is to stop depending upon mass housing projects as a solution to their housing problem. They should go into the market, contact an architect and builder, and thus, on their own initiative, commence the solution of their personal housing problem."  
 (Ottawa Citizen)

Mr. Byron I. Johnson, the Coalition MLA-elect for New Westminster, showed keen business judgment and sound liberal instinct this week when he urged immediate reform of the Old Age Pension set-up to bring pensions at age 65, with a minimum allowance of \$35 monthly. . . . Such generosity would stimulate the country's economy in various ways by opening jobs for younger people and by putting additional purchasing power into the hands of senior citizens who, being guaranteed life security, wouldn't hoard it if they could.  
 (Vancouver Sun)

The Princess Elizabeth — Eric Acland. The everyday life of the best loved child in the British Empire. All children love stories about Princesses, and this little girl's life is perhaps the greatest story of all time, profusely illustrated.  
 (The Children's Bookshelf, Diggon-Hibben Ltd., Victoria, B.C.)

In Montreal, a young man entered police headquarters, said he had pushed his lady friend into the water during a visit to Terrebonne, was locked up for the night, next day confessed he had been looking for free lodgings.  
 (Montreal Standard)

Instructions to the Provincial Government to go ahead with a program of Social Credit, "in face of any and all opposition," were issued in a resolution by the party's annual convention . . . passed unanimously by standing vote and three cheers, after which the delegates broke into "Onward, Christian Soldiers." "You are asking for a declaration of war," Attorney-General Lucien Maynard told the delegates . . . "Do you want us to go beyond the law and Constitution?" "The sky's the limit," shouted a delegate, amid applause.  
 (Canadian Press Dispatch from Calgary)

And so General Montgomery confesses he never heard of Toronto University! . . . It is no wonder that the stunned president, Dr. Sidney Smith, commented, "that is a terrible state of affairs. Something must be done." On second thought he decided not to read General Montgomery out of the Empire and added, "I still think he is a great man, though."  
 (London Free Press)

In Owen Sound, Ont., the Board of Education decided that henceforth pupils who receive the strap have their names entered in a "black book" together with a record of the punishment, the offence and the date.  
 (Montreal Standard)

It is clearly evident . . . that the rigid price control has diminished seriously the supply of the cheaper essential goods available to the consumer. . . . Orders, pronouncements, directives, adjurations to the contrary notwithstanding, the \$2.00 men's shirt will not be available in adequate quantity until it can be produced and marketed without loss by the makers and marketers.  
 (The Printed Word)

Vancouver.—Kissing one hand instead of the Bible does not prevent a witness from being charged with perjury, Mr. Justice A. M. Manson said in supreme court here recently. A witness in a divorce case had put his left hand over the Bible and kissed his fingers. At the court's direction the witness then opened the Bible and kissed it before giving evidence. "It's all very well to be sanitary but I never yet found anybody who got germs from the Bible," said his lordship.  
 (Windsor Daily Star)

The Canadian calendar business is booming as never before and owes its bright color, manufacturers say, to "nudies," as those in the industry call them. The heaviest buyers of this type are foundries, garages and barber shops. Rolph-Clark-Stone, large Canadian calendar company, describes the 1945 best-seller as a "sexy girl with a bare midriff and well-shaped, elongated legs."  
 (Globe and Mail)

Coming Events: The year 1946 ushers in an era of coming events. No really firm predictions can be made today. They must be provisional and contingent. The coming events are the thing to watch.  
 (Verner Ottawa Letter, Dec. 31, 1945, Letter 283, p. 2)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to Walter B. Mann, Ottawa, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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## Fresh Start

We have a task to which we should like to set some industrious newspaperman. Let him make a comparison in parallel columns of the reports in the front-page despatches of the *New York Times* which were printed in 1920 about the start of the League of Nations with those which are appearing today about the start of the U.N.O. There is the same manoeuvring of rival candidates for office, the same log-rolling among the groups which emerge ready-made around each of the big powers, and the same thunder in the background produced by threatening incidents in various parts of the world. But what gets most space now as then is the reporting of the impressive formal occasions with their fine rotund speeches about the new era. Each national delegation vies with all the others in giving expression to the advanced international spirit of its own country.

Only Russia appears to be completely conservative; she stands for the San Francisco Charter, the whole Charter, and nothing but the Charter. All the rest seem to have a few improvements to suggest. Here is a change from 1920! At that time the Russian revolutionists had nothing good to say about the League type of internationalism; the bourgeois state with its national sovereignty was the chief thing they were out to liquidate. Now they are the chief defenders of national sovereignty, and they greet talk of world government with cries of "fascism." It is the British who keep making speeches with hints of a world assembly representing peoples instead of governments. But the Americans support the Russian view. When you are as big as either of the Big Two, that fact determines your views about national sovereignty regardless of whether your economy is socialist or capitalist.

## Balance of Power

Behind the facade of the new United Nations structure the old business of power politics seems to be continuing about as usual. For the moment the Big Two seem to have made up their most serious difference; for in China Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists are uniting in an all-party government which may at last bring some peace to that tortured country. It is Russia and Britain who appear to be fighting a diplomatic battle on all fronts. In Iran the intervention of Russia has driven the Iranian government to raise the question before the United Nations, doubtless not without previous consultations with British diplomats. Russia retaliates by complaining of the presence of British troops in Greece and Indonesia. Russian pressure upon Turkey, like that upon Iran, threatens British interests along the vital "life-line." Britain is also in trouble in Palestine, where her manoeuvre of bringing in the United States to back up her position has not yet produced tangible results. Russian growling has hastened the announcement by Britain, Australia and New Zealand that they are prepared to hand over their League of Nations mandates to the new trusteeship organization of the United Nations. But France and South Africa refuse to take this step. And the United States delegation cannot agree on handing over to international control the Pacific islands which were conquered by the American navy. Meanwhile Russia has not dropped the question of her claim to some

share in the trusteeship over the late Italian colonies. In the midst of all these and other troubles American soldiers show a distressing lack of understanding of the realities of power politics, and demand to be brought home to ice cream and apple pie. We wish some enterprising newspapermen could get a few interviews with Russian and British soldiers.

## Canada in World Politics

One of the great needs in political discussion today is a new word to denote those countries which are usually referred to as British "Dominions." Dominion Status, in the sense in which that phrase was used during the 1920's and 1930's, has in fact come to an end. It was a transitional stage in our development; and the Dominions are now completely independent sovereign states just as much as any other national state is. They have been demonstrating this fact to the world by their activities in the San Francisco conference, and since then in the U.N. conference at London, as well as in the technical conferences on aviation, food and agriculture, monetary regulations, education, etc. They possess more than a merely formal independence. For while the United States and the U.S.S.R. can line up obedient vassal states behind them in every international conference, Great Britain cannot hold her "Dominions" in line behind her. And while the occasional English tory comes out with a demand for a united British Commonwealth front in world affairs, the harsh reception which this idea received when it was voiced by Lord Halifax in his famous Toronto speech has effectively discouraged this nostalgic yearning for a return to the nineteenth century.

However, let us in Canada ponder upon the fact that Australia was elected to a seat on the Security Council of the United Nations in preference to Canada. (She was already on the way to collect the necessary majority when Canada withdrew from the running.) Mr. Evatt, the Australian minister of External Affairs, made himself famous and, in some highly respectable quarters, very unpopular by his insistence in expressing the Australian point of view and by the vigorous lead which he gave to the small states. Canada declined the opportunity to put herself in the position of leader of the smaller states, and Australia took it up. Our delegation remained the decorous supporter of the British in all the major divisions. It is well known that the reason why we have never received an invitation to join the Inter-American System is the suspicion among the twenty-one American republics that Canadian membership would only mean that Britain had got in by the back door. Did some such suspicion as this operate also in the voting of the U.N. General Assembly? Our doubts, which may be quite unjustified, will be removed if Mike Pearson is chosen as Secretary-General.

## Strikes

At the end of World War I there was a great outburst of strikes in the United States just as there is today. The net result of that period of unrest was a decisive victory for the employers and a defeat for the cause of trade unionism and collective bargaining from which the workers did not recover



until the Roosevelt regime with the coming of the C.I.O., the Wagner Act, and the unionization of the great heavy mass-production industries. No doubt many big American business men expect this experience of the early 1920's to be repeated now; they exult in the present labor troubles as an opportunity to smash trade unionism. Capital is much better prepared for the trial of strength than is Labor: corporation treasuries are bulging with funds, and they calculate that they can starve workers into submission. But the Truman government is much more sympathetic to the labor cause than was the Harding gang, if for no other reason than that the present regime in Washington cannot secure re-election without labor support. In the General Motors and the Steel strikes, the unions have accepted the proposals for compromise which came from the President. The management are obviously determined not to accept any substantial increases in wages unless accompanied by freedom on their part to raise prices as they please. The union leaders of the C.I.O. have skilfully presented their case as a plan to raise wages, i.e. consumer demand, without producing inflation through price increases which would nullify any wage increases. Whether they have succeeded in making the American public understand this aspect of the issue is another matter. We should hope that the rigid refusal of the employers to budge from their ancient right to "do as they like with their own" would repel public support. But in the matter of labor relations as in so many other questions the American public have shown many signs that they are still living mentally in the nineteenth century.

## Public Radio in Danger

The CBC board, through its new chairman, Davidson Dunton, recently informed the Minister of Justice it could not undertake to eliminate news of penitentiary troubles from its broadcasts. Whereupon Mr. St. Laurent said he had merely "asked" Mr. Dunton to do so (it is rather curious that the general manager, Dr. Frigon, seems to have thought this request "reasonable"), though on November 16 parliament was told that the Department of Justice had "insisted" on such action.

Rather oddly, the board's rejection of Mr. St. Laurent's "request" drew a blustering outburst from a B.C. Liberal member, Tom Reid, which received sympathetic treatment in a staff dispatch to the *Globe and Mail*. Mr. Reid assailed the CBC as a "new dictatorship." "I think," he said, "it is time that parliament, which is the voice of the people, should resolve that this new dictatorship should not be allowed to go much further than it has gone." Mr. Reid did not say whether he regarded Mr. St. Laurent as a "dictator" in seeking to issue directions to the CBC without parliamentary sanction.

To any wideawake person, however, these two incidents — Mr. St. Laurent's attempt to dictate to the CBC and Mr. Reid's indignant attack on the CBC when the attempt failed — are almost equally significant. On the issue of government interference, the CBC seems to have won out. But the attack by Mr. Reid — a Liberal — is an indication that private radio interests, intent on knifing the CBC, have their spokesmen among the Liberals in parliament; for that is the real significance of Mr. Reid's bluster.

Where does the government itself stand? And will the CBC come off as well in resisting encroachments by these powerful private interests as it has against the blundering interference of a cabinet minister? It is announced that Mr. Glenn Bannerman will not be "re-engaged" as salaried president of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters,

and the affairs of this propaganda and lobbying medium of the private radio stations will henceforth be managed by someone else. Does this herald a stiffening of the CAB's campaign against public radio? It is clear that Mr. Bannerman's methods have been too subtle and diplomatic to suit some of the private radio buccaneers; the *Canadian Broadcaster*, which preaches the pure evangel of Private Enterprise with indefatigable zeal and regards the CBC as a sort of Anti-Christ, has been openly critical of Bannerman's lack of "toughness." It is even rumored that the Private Radio Boys have been quietly boasting that "within a year or two there will no longer be any CBC." Citizens who do not wish to see radio in Canada handed over gagged and bound to our precious Private Enterprisers had better keep a sharp eye on their members of parliament, the government, and the CBC governors.

## Courage at Ottawa

The spectacle of an Ottawa deputy minister with principles and ideas sufficiently definite and strongly held to make him a propagandist for them is so rare in Canada that it has taken some time for parochial narrowmindedness and sectarian ferocity to rally for an attack on Major-General Brock Chisholm. Before the guardians of morality, right-thinking and parental smugness who take their lead from Toronto the Good had fully awakened to the sinfulness of General Chisholm's ideas about child education, the public had been given a pretty comprehensive statement of these ideas. The result has been that attempts to distort and misrepresent them have fallen rather flat.

Many Canadian parents have long regarded as commonplace Dr. Chisholm's thesis that you can't feed young children theories and conjectures as though they were absolute truths, and then expect the children to grow up with a respect for both truth and authority. What is new about Dr. Chisholm is not his ideas, but his courage and idealism in seeking to bring the findings of psychology to bear on the root problem of our time while occupying a responsible government post. That it requires courage has been made perfectly clear from the torrent of statements, interviews, sermons and letters to the press which his plain-spokenness has elicited. These are the protests of a vocal minority. But it is an influential minority. Those who agree with General Chisholm, and believe that we need just such outspoken administrators if we are to weather the perils of the atomic age, had better let *their* views be known with equal emphasis. Otherwise we may not be so lucky in the future in finding government officials willing to risk their necks in the cause of public welfare.

## Drew's Preposterous Proposal

► The adjourned Dominion-Provincial Conference is about to resume its sessions. At the present moment it appears that the prospects of any agreement on the federal government's proposals for a redistribution of taxing powers are very slight indeed. When the Rowell-Sirois proposals were published in 1940 all proper discussion of them at the governmental level was frustrated by the brusque action of the Hepburn-Pattullo-Aberhart combination. This victory over Mackenzie King no doubt made Mitch feel very happy for some time, though he paid for it in the end and had to retire to his onion farm. At the moment it did not matter very much, since the war



provided the federal authority with ample justification for taking over full control of the income and inheritance taxes anyway. But the Hepburn coup gave the intransigent provinces a very bad reputation; and the present Drew government has had to show much more caution and finesse in its tactics towards achieving the same end which Mr. Hepburn achieved so quickly and spectacularly.

When the federal proposals were presented last summer Ontario won delay with the plea that time was needed for study and analysis. The federal scheme was to take over personal income taxes, corporation income taxes and inheritance duties, to embark on greatly enlarged federal social-service expenditures, and to assist the provinces in policies of public investment whenever a slowing down of private investment threatened to start a depression. Taken as a whole, it represented a constructive imaginative policy which promised benefits on a large scale to all classes of Canadians. But of course the federal government rather than the provincial governments would stand to receive the credit and the gratitude for these benefits in the future, and this was a prospect distinctly displeasing to ambitious provincial politicians. Ontario waited for the effect of these Dominion proposals to have time to wear off, and she has now presented counter-proposals of her own.

The Ontario scheme, when stripped of the verbiage in which it is thickly packed, can only be called preposterous. The richest province is willing to share its personal and corporation income taxes with the Dominion but demands a monopoly of the succession duties. In return it would give up 10 per cent of its revenue from these sources to be put into a fund for the assistance of needy provinces. And it would require the federal government—deprived in this way of large revenues—to undertake enormously increased expenditures in financing social services which are to be administered not by the federal authority itself but jointly by it and the provinces. It is difficult to see for what purpose such proposals can be put forward except as a camouflage behind which any reconstruction of our federal financial system can be frustrated for the benefit of the Ontario provincial treasury. Words fail one in describing the nerve of the scheme as a whole. Business interests and others have already taken objection to the double taxation which it would involve, and it has generally been pronounced unacceptable by the smaller and poorer provinces.

Quebec maintains a masterly silence on both the Ontario and the federal proposals. No doubt Mr. Duplessis prefers to let Ontario and British Columbia reject the federal scheme if they are willing to do so, while he avoids the necessity of making himself unpopular with the prairie and maritime provinces.

The most illuminating insight into the quality of the Ontario scheme is provided by the language of the provincial brief in which it is presented. Its whole argument is based upon a completely false antithesis. It professes that we have to make a choice between federal and unitary government. It speaks as if all proposals for changing our present dominion-provincial financial relations involved the destruction of the federal system as such and the setting up of a single centralized governmental authority at Ottawa. This is of course only rhetorical nonsense. Whenever a politician begins to talk like this, as if the country were faced by a choice between absolutes, one may be sure that he is not trying to discuss the question at issue but is trying to obscure the real issues by stirring up irrelevant emotions. The Ontario government is relying upon the old "provincial rights" hysteria which is so easily stirred up in any of our provinces, and

it is hoping to avoid in this way any practical business-like discussion of a serious national fiscal problem.

The Drew argument in this field is exactly on a par with that to which Colonel Drew and like-minded imperialists usually have recourse when any change in our relations to Great Britain is proposed or brought about. They become vehement over the threat to the whole imperial connection, and they fight all over again a last-ditch struggle to preserve the dear old British Empire against nefarious conspirators who want to disrupt it. Of course the British connection is in no danger at all, but it has been going through a continuous process of change ever since the dependent colony a hundred years ago won responsible government and started its long evolution towards its present equal and autonomous status. So likewise our federal constitution is in no danger from proposals to adjust the taxation structure. In 1867 the Dominion received what was then the main source of taxation revenue, the customs and excise taxes, and the fact that even the rich province of Ontario was dependent for almost half its revenue upon a subsidy from Ottawa was not deemed by the Fathers to endanger its provincial autonomy. Today all that is proposed is that the national government be given a similar monopoly of what are today the main sources of public revenue, the income and inheritance taxes. And the purpose of this transfer is that the national government may be able to meet the widely extended national responsibilities which have been imposed upon it in the course of two world wars and one world depression.

The claim, which also bulks large in the Ontario brief, that provincial governments are closer to the people (and therefore more democratic) than is the federal government, is also one that depends for its plausibility more upon emotions evoked from the past than upon any realistic examination of present conditions. The government of Quebec may be closer to the majority of its people than is the Ottawa government, but that is not because of geographical location but because of racial, linguistic and cultural differences. A federal government which for years has dealt with the ordinary citizen in the post office and the custom house, which is today looking after hundreds of thousands of returned service men and women, which is administering unemployment insurance and family allowances for all civilian citizens, which is likely in the near future to be administering health insurance and contributory old age pensions, which determines through Bank of Canada policies the ease or difficulty that every individual encounters in getting a loan from his bank, which fixes maximum prices for the consumer to pay and minimum prices for the farmer to receive—such a federal government touches the day-to-day life of the ordinary citizen just as closely as does any provincial government. And as any reading of the daily newspapers or of the election returns will show, it is just as responsive to public opinion.

The real criticism to be made of the federal proposals is that they have abandoned the basis worked out by the Rowell-Sirois Commission for the payment of National Adjustment Grants to the provinces. They have gone back to the old bad system of grants based upon population, which pays large sums to the populous, i.e. prosperous, provinces who do not need the money so badly, and small sums to the weak provinces who need it very badly. The Rowell-Sirois Commissioners proposed a national financial commission largely staffed by financial experts to work out a continuously adjusted scale of payments to provinces based upon the fiscal need of their governments and the economic needs of the provincial community. This would have provided a much more flexible system of adjusting financial burdens to finan-

cial resources than the scheme which was put forward by Mr. King's government last summer. But if the Ontario government sticks to anything like its present scheme, all hopes of a reasonable solution of our governmental fiscal problems will probably have to be abandoned for some time.

## What the CCF Needs

Andrew Brewin

► THE SPORTS COMMENTATORS, when their favorite hockey team is in a slump, propound the earth-shaking question "What is wrong with the Maple Leafs?" and invite correspondence. In a similar vein a writer in *The Canadian Forum* has suggested that the CCF be taken to the cleaners and the editor invites an expression of views. As one of the harried group who had executive responsibility in Ontario, I accept the invitation, though what I have to say is, of course, entirely my personal view.

*The Canadian Forum* is to be congratulated on raising the subject. For if there is anything wrong that can be corrected, the sooner it is discovered, and the remedy applied, the better. The need for an effective democratic socialism in Canada, as in other parts of the world, is so great in this historic period of tragic urgency that the most fundamental and searching self-criticism should be applied by all who have put their hands to the plough and do not intend to look back.

Let us first acknowledge the seriousness of the setback. Not to have elected a single federal member from Ontario was a misfortune only in part compensated for by steady if unspectacular advance in the Western Provinces and Nova Scotia and the splendid achievements of Saskatchewan. True enough, nearly 400,000 voted for the CCF in the Ontario elections. But the effect of failure to win power or retain our position in the central provinces means that the CCF must in the next critical post-war years remain an opposition group with substantial but not decisive influence. It is very true that the inexorable march of events may well present us with another opportunity. If, when this opportunity recurs, we cannot grasp it, it may never return.

What then is the trouble? I believe that it has been, and remains today, too much optimism. I am not referring to the political optimism which naturally followed the spectacular gains in Ontario in August, 1943, though no doubt the apparent ease of that advance may have aggravated the underlying tendency. Nor am I referring to the necessary tactical election optimism in which every party proclaims that victory is on its side and invites the doubters on to the band-wagon. Without the will to win, without the "win" psychology, an election would be a spiritless affair.

I am referring to something more fundamental, a besetting sin which people of goodwill have inherited from a whole era of liberalism and part of the thinking of all of us. I am referring to the optimism that believes in the inevitability of progress, the power of reason to persuade, the theory that all that is necessary in our enlightened democracy is to proclaim the self-evident truths of social democracy and the need for peaceful change. This attitude of mind vastly underestimates the power of short-sighted self-interest. It attributes to the powers of reaction a childlike faith in the sanctity of the democratic system, which in fact has been seriously corrupted by various forms of bribery, from the patronage system to straight hand-outs. The danger of this liberal optimism to the future of the CCF is that it includes an attitude of complacency, alternating with a mood of pessimism, each of them producing an utterly false impression of

the type of effort and devotion required to win victory for democratic socialism in Canada.

Let me illustrate what I mean. Throughout the CCF in Ontario at least, during the months preceding the 1945 elections, there was an almost complete lack of a sense of urgency, and an unwillingness to take great pains or make great sacrifices. I am not unmindful that many CCF members worked hard, long and loyally and even to the point of exhaustion during the election campaign and some for a long time before it. I am referring to the many who thought no great effort necessary. When monopoly capital took fright in Canada after August, 1943, it lined up expert publicity men to work out ways and means to destroy the CCF's rising popular support. CCF members laughed this off. The calculated comparison between the CCF and Nazism which we had been fighting, the unspeakable horrors of which were widely publicized, seems to have been the idea of Gladstone Murray. It was so obviously a lie, and a big one, and the exact opposite of the truth, that we refused to believe it could succeed. It did. We proclaimed rather vaguely that we believed in the social ownership of certain property and were surprised and hurt when banks and insurance companies successfully persuaded many innocent but ignorant and selfish people that that meant we would take their deposits and their policies. When Trestrail started his Society for Individual Freedom, and secured the necessary experience to prove to his corporate clients that the CCF could be beaten by the Goebbels technique, we were unimpressed. When he flooded the countryside with *Social Suicide*, we found intelligent people unimpressed, and discounted the large numbers of voters who were politically not very intelligent. When Gallup polls showed our support slowly slipping, we calmly took refuge in the theory that CCF supporters did not like to disclose their support and we really had more support than the polls showed. In fact the story of the Gallup polls clearly foreshadowed the coming victory for reaction. We should not have succumbed to defeatism or despair, of course, but we should have seen the need for urgent action to reverse the trend. Instead, we applauded at conventions recitals of our past remarkable success, and collectively patted ourselves on the back.

We were never, as we should have been, "fighting mad." We referred so often to the "old" parties that we created for ourselves an illusion of decrepitude in our opponents which may have been justified if applied to their policies and ideals but left us altogether too complacent in regard to their organization.

Having infinitely smaller financial resources than other parties, we could combat in only one way the most effective publicity attack ever made on a political party and that was by the use of greater resources of *personal* canvassing and effective polling-subdivision organization. But we either despised this mundane job of work or were too busy, too war-weary or too lazy even to organize as efficiently as our opponents. The old party professionals whom we despised proved more effective in getting out voters than the CCF amateurs, who, we proudly congratulated ourselves, would do a better job because they really believed in their program and understood it. In South York, with one of the most vigorous CCF organizations in the province and popular and well-known CCF candidates, the embattled property owners of Forest Hill turned out a 90% vote in their subdivisions against the CCF. In districts where industrial workers lived, a 50% vote was a high figure for a subdivision. Fear proved a stronger dynamic than hope.

In the matter of financial support, we did indeed do better than ever before, providing \$40,000 for federal and provin-

cial campaigns combined. But the Saskatchewan CCF, with 1/5th of the population and far less wealth, raised \$171,000 in a year. Did the difference lie in the spirit in which we tackled the financial problem? Of course, CCF members contributed generously, but they were too gentlemanly, too ladylike, or just too faint-hearted, about asking other people for money for the party which represented democracy and progress and hope in a grimly unfolding post-war world. The CCF will never need a fraction of what the old parties regard as essential to wage a political campaign; but must the CCF always be hampered by financial stringency from doing some of the things necessary to electoral success?

What about our trade union and labor support? Something must be wrong when a handful of ex-communists who should have been thoroughly discredited by their wartime tactics were able to persuade large numbers of workers to turn away from the most successful labor party Canada has ever had and embrace Mackenzie King, the father of company unions, and Humphrey Mitchell of Kirkland Lake, and of PC 1003, that apology for a labor code. Why was it that the workers of Ontario hardly knew that the CCF in Saskatchewan had enacted the most advanced labor legislation in the North American continent, guaranteeing to Saskatchewan workers union security for which, in a few short months, they were to battle on the picket lines? We had the trumps, but we did not play them. Were our trade unionists thinking, like the rest of us, that things would be easy, that reason would prevail just because it was reasonable?

And what of the "Gestapo charges?" In my opinion, they were something of a touchstone to gauge our fighting spirit—or, alas, the lack of it. Criticism has been levelled at the timing and tone of the charges. But too many CCF members have fallen into the trap, cunningly laid by the enemy, of accepting not only the view, which is quite contrary to all the evidence, that the charges were responsible for CCF defeat, but the suggestion that the real fault involved in the whole affair was not in maintaining, but in exposing the secret political police. Here, proved to the hilt, was something unprecedented in parliamentary history—a government which permitted, if it did not set up, a system of spying on members of parliament; a government-financed system of industrial espionage and a distribution to propagandists for the Government party of falsehoods concocted with the familiar fascist technique of the "Red Smear"; and an Attorney-General who saw nothing wrong in what was going on, and persecuted the courageous man who exposed it. Perhaps the people of Ontario, used to old party mud-slinging, could not be expected to see the difference between mud-slinging and the sincere exposure of a grave threat to our liberties, of incipient fascism. Perhaps in their innocence they were entitled to take the vehement denials of the Premier and his Attorney-General at their face value. But should socialists, unless deluded by liberal optimism which underestimates the drive for power of the entrenched forces of privilege, be as timorous, as unwilling as many CCF'ers appeared to be to recognize and boldly take up a socialist issue that properly pressed home would shake the people's childlike faith in their exploiters? Something of the spirit of Jaures, of Zola, of "J'accuse," was required but was not forthcoming.

At the Ontario provincial convention, a resolution was passed without serious discussion, requiring members of the CCF to refrain from personal attacks on opponents and to restrict themselves to expounding the CCF program. There could be no better illustration of a liberal illusion than the belief that prompted this resolution. There is not the slightest likelihood of any substantial part of the electorate hearing

about our program if we are to refrain from pointing out in no uncertain terms the errors, negligence, omissions and worse on the part of our opponents when a fair reading of the facts requires it. We shall have to hit out, and hit hard, stiff body blows at the falsehoods and the perpetrators of falsehood, the tendencies to fascism, the inefficiency and corruption of our present system. Of course we must have a positive, attractive, constructive program, well thought out, bold, imaginative and appealing to the people. We must never substitute abuse for constructive, practical, and fair-minded thinking and talking. But let us never fear to call a spade a spade, and to denounce when denunciation is just and deserved. We are engaged in a battle for power, not in a conversazione.

And, lastly, an all-pervasive liberal optimism has made the CCF intellectually complacent. There seems, for example, to be a school of literal inspiration that despises the hard intellectual exercise of fitting facts to theories, the mental strife of William Blake. Typical of this school are the people who criticize alleged departures from the Regina Manifesto without, apparently having read it with care, and who are ready to stand pat on doctrinaire interpretations of it or of other inspired texts.

It is essential to consider, not the happy Utopia which will arise when all profits, interest and rent are abolished by the waving of a magic legislative wand, but rather how, step by hard-won step, and at the speediest practical tempo, to transform the present system of restriction and frustration into one in which planning for the welfare of all will in fact be dominant. This will be no simple task. It will mean hard intellectual effort by many people.

Are we in the CCF victims of liberal illusions? Do we misconceive the ease with which the social changes we know to be essential can be brought about? Are we aware of the dangers and difficulties of democracy? How many of us are still on the sidelines, not really committed to the battle wholeheartedly? We need a new dynamism. We must arouse ourselves to the truth that we live on the edge of a volcano, and no half-hearted efforts are enough.

I know very well that CCF members are more fully aware of the needs and opportunities of this age than most other Canadians. But they have to be so much more vividly aware than others. The grim future we have foretold if we cannot master our environment so as to employ for peace and plenty the tremendous productive powers that science has made available, is no illusion. The possibility of world order and the release from old-age poverty of all men everywhere is today, or at least tomorrow, a real possibility. The role of the CCF in Canada is crucial.

CCF members, as anyone who has had the pleasure of meeting a good many of them would admit, are the salt of the earth. But are the children of light always to be less wise than the children of darkness? Is dynamic power to be the prerogative of those who use it for selfish ends? In its battle for a more abundant life freed from war and poverty, the CCF will need in the ensuing months and years more effort, more people, more money, more devotion, more intellectual striving, more organization, more self-sacrifice, more courage, a greater sense of urgency; in two words, more work. If these are forthcoming—as I believe they will be—the CCF will achieve great things for Canada and the world.

The task, though a big one, is neither dull nor unrewarding. It cannot be performed by shrinking from vicissitudes and the turbulence of active living, by seeking to escape the trials and errors of those who are engaged in making history, rather than observing or recording it. It calls for an infectious enthusiasm which is always bringing



new people and new ideas to its service. The kingdom of heaven, we are told in the Gospels, will be served by men of violence. Democratic socialism, like Christianity, rejects physical violence as a satisfactory means of achievement. But violence in the sense of mental vigor and strenuous effort are assuredly demanded.

## The Good Old Excess Profits Tax—Hail and Farewell

*Horace King*

► NOW THAT the Excess Profits Tax's sun is setting, perhaps, in the language of business, it would be well to take inventory of the way the tax has worked out before it is relegated to history. In Canada history probably won't receive the body until January 1, 1947, according to present policy, although it is trumpeted that in 1946 it will be reduced to a mere shadow of its former allegedly formidable self. For the record it should be stated that in Canada the tax was nominally more severe than in the United States, i.e. 100% as compared to 85.5%. However, almost 20% of the tax is refundable with interest within a specified period after the official end of the war, so that the net tax was really about 80%. Effective January 1 next the tax will be reduced to a straight 60% with no portion thereof refundable; this is to be compared with the elimination in 1946 of the American Excess Profits Tax, or E.P.T.—as the moguls call it.

In Canada the theory of the tax was nothing short of beautiful in its forthright fairness. The theory was this: All earnings, ordained the Minister of Finance, in excess of the average earnings in the years 1936 to 1939 inclusive, hereinafter to be known as the "Standard Period," shall be taxed 100%, adding somewhat sotto voce the little piece about the 20% refundable portion. In other words, no business was going to profit from the war. Certainly, on the face of it, or *prima facie* as the legal boys say, not even a chronic and dyspeptic critic could carp at such an exaltedly beautiful theory.

But on looking a little below the surface one might perhaps be reminded of Anatole France's crack at the impartiality of the law: "The Law in its majestic equality forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets, and to steal bread." A company which had fat earnings in the four years preceding 1940 was allowed to continue to reap richly whereas the little fellows that were down and out in those years were told to stay down or get out. Even the *Financial Post*, not exactly a leftist journal, concedes in its issue of July 8, 1944, that "earnings for 1942 show a much sharper drop from 1941 for the smallest companies (assets under one million) than for the largest companies (assets over 25 million). The reason is obvious after a backward glance at the earnings before taxes—the smallest companies had shown the largest percentage gains up to 1941 (since 1936), consequently took the biggest beating when 100% E.P.T. was introduced halfway through 1942. (In 1940 and 1941 E.P.T. was 75%.) Presumably when the figures for 1943 are available the 100% E.P.T. will bring these companies down still farther by comparison."

In connection with the fact that the smallest companies showed a bigger increase in the period 1936 to 1942 inclusive in net profit available for dividends than the biggest

companies, i.e. 78% increase against 20%, the *Financial Post* admits that "It might be claimed that figures do not go back far enough, do not cover enough of the really small businesses of Canada. Perhaps the reasons for the better results of the small companies are that before 1936 the big companies had reached a higher level of recovery, that the small companies had farther to go on the long road to profitable operations." Or, to put it differently, when food is available, a man on the verge of starvation will put on much more weight than a man of normal avoirdupois. However, just as soon as the smaller companies began to get healthy, the E.P.T. put them back on a starvation diet, but it left the big companies with their same old substantial bill of fare.

As one observer put it, "The Excess Profits Tax Act is a bonus to the affluent." The rich were to stay rich and the poor poor. "For weal or for woe, my status is quo," Finance Minister Ilsley may be presumed to have chortled in his airier moments. And with all due deference to Anatole France, many were they who held that war time is no time to start changing things. A 100% E.P.T. on all business is as near as we can come to being fair, it was argued. We can't please everybody.

Nevertheless there were not a few who argued that unless the status quo ante were ideal, with all businesses working on decent, socially desirable profit margins, it was wrong to perpetuate an inequality whereby the lean margin business, with its lean Standard Profit, could never get out of its rut, while the fat margin business was all but guaranteed a continuance of its opulence, plus a good-sized nest-egg in the shape of the refundable portion of the E.P.T. These latter businesses, making huge profits resultant upon the freeing of their juicy margins now multiplied by a greatly increased volume, built up an Account Receivable from the Government, i.e. the refundable portion of the E.P.T., which at March 31, 1945, stood at the not unimposing figure of \$184,000,000. Wouldn't it be more just, it was asked, simply to have a high rate of taxation on *all* profits, normal *or* excess, allowing a reasonable exemption for small businesses, and also provide a graduated table as in personal income tax? And there was a certain Beardsley Ruml, who thought that all taxes but individual income taxes should be done away with.

No, said the Minister to these and other suggestions. What was, was good. The Old Order was not to change. And so the Government, being but a collection of individuals, acted like many an individual and followed the line of least resistance. And even at that—a 100% tax on all profits in excess of Standard Profits would not have been too unjust if it had been applied equally. Mr. Ilsley may even have warbled, "The Law is the true embodiment of everything that's excellent, There is no kind of fault nor flaw, And I, my lords, embody the Law." But though the good Minister might conceivably have been satisfied with the law in theory, in its administration he should have been sore displeased. Dirty work at the crossroads arose in the definition of Standard Profits. "What," cried Industry, "if we were depressed in the Standard Period? Must we be depressed forever and a day and have everything in excess of our meagre Standard Period earnings taxed 100%?" (No mention of the 20% refund.)

The Minister pointed to the Board of Referees, provided for under his Act. The Board has quasi-judicial powers, said the Minister, and will deal fairly with you. In other words, the Board could establish a new Standard Profit. But somewhere in the Act there is a provision to the effect that the new Standard Profit extended to a depressed industry should not be in excess of 10% of the invested capital. "What," cried Industry, "if capital is not a 'factor' in our business?"

The Board was allowed to use its serene discretion, though the Act adds, with a touch of Rhadamanthine sternness, that it must not give the petitioner a greater Standard Profit than that enjoyed by comparable businesses. "And what," retorted some aggrieved corporations somewhat archly, "if we are incomparable?"

Evidently the Board must have cocked a rather sympathetic ear to Industry, for in the "Financial Statistics of 625 Companies" published by the Bank of Canada in its June-July 1944 issue, the Standard Period Net Income to Shareholders (i.e. the average income from 1936 to 1939) inclusive of the refundable portion of the E.P.T. but after taxes showed \$263.7 millions; in 1940 the Net Income to Shareholders had increased to \$284.2 millions, in 1941 to \$306.6 millions, in 1942 to \$306.5 millions. And yet supposedly a company could only retain 70% of its Standard Period earnings (exclusive of the refundable portion of the E.P.T.). What had happened? Simply that the Board of Referees had handed out elevated Standard Profits. The personnel of the Board, drawn from a segment of society not exactly inimical to Industry, had dealt "fairly" with Industry all right. But it had made a mockery of Mr. Ilsley's beautiful Act. The Board had been more quasi than judicial.

In other words, Industry hasn't taken the Excess Profits Tax Act lying down. Evidently so many industries have considered themselves as being depressed during the Standard Period that a greatly augmented staff in the tax department has still not cleared petitions for the establishment of a new Standard Profit submitted in some instances as long as two and a half years ago. But enough petitions have been dealt with, and new Standard Profits awarded, for us to be able to draw some conclusions.

In the main the big corporations, because perhaps of their comparatively greater importance to the war effort and also perhaps because of the not entirely remote possibility of their being able to afford superior lobbyists, received more satisfactory results. It would be journalistically convincing to be able to cite exactly the actual and the new Standard Profit of several industries, for precise examples are always illuminating. Unfortunately, however, the findings of the Board of Referees do not have to be made public as they do in the United States. And one can be sure that the president of a corporation does not usually shout from the housetops the greatly augmented new Standard Profit that he got from the Board for fear of the hue and cry that might follow from Little Business. However, a comparison between the net profit of the Standard Period and that in 1944 of a cross-section of Canadian Industry shows, amongst others, that the Fraser Companies, Consolidated Paper, Canadian Car and Foundry, Robert Mitchell, Maple Leaf Milling, McColl Frontenac Oil, Noorduynd Aviation, must have all got their "standards" raised.

It is next to impossible to deduce from comparative balance sheets what the old and new "standards" are; the *Financial Post Corporation Service* records, however, that "Standard Profits of McColl Frontenac Oil Company Limited (subsidiary of Texaco) were established in 1944, effective as from

February 1, 1940. This resulted in a credit adjustment in taxes of \$1,572,819.00. From this was deducted refundable portion of taxes relating to those years of \$472,000.00 to which the company is no longer entitled, leaving a net credit of \$1,200,819.00 to surplus account." In the case of Noorduynd the president, W. L. Bayer, actually announced that the company's Standard Profit had been set at \$350,000.00 per annum commencing January 1, 1940. The company had previously assumed a base figure of \$36,128.00 for the years 1940 to 1943 inclusive and \$48,103.00 for the year 1944. Says the *Financial Post Corporation Service*: "The effect of this decision will be to greatly improve the company's financial position as to its surplus in working capital." On the "Street" it is bandied about that not even the directors of Noorduynd, in their wildest dreams (as any fool can plainly see who reads the president's statement), ever thought the Board would be so amenable to "reason" and to the old argument that a "fair standard" would be an impetus to increased production of much needed planes. In fairness to Noorduynd, however, it should be stated that it only started operating late in the Standard Period, hence it had but little Standard Period experience. Still it did rather well in the "standard" it got for itself, considering that routinely a new business is only allowed a \$5,000.00 "standard."

Then there is the case of the enterprising entrepreneur who has been attracted by the depreciation feature. "If," said Industry, after having done its patriotic best to get its Standard Profit raised, "our Excess Profits are going to be taxed 100%, let us at least endeavor to build up a plant which we will have after the war so as to provide employment for our returned veterans." So what is known as "Special Depreciation" was proposed whereby a plant would be allowed to charge to expense (i.e. to Excess Profits) more than its normal 10% per annum of depreciation on machinery and equipment. "More" is a bit of an understatement. In the Standard Period, depreciation charges of the 625 companies mentioned above average \$105.15 millions; in 1942, the last year to hand, \$189 millions.

Apart from this tremendous increase in depreciation allowance, be it noted that the theory of depreciation predicates that when the depreciated article has been fully written off, said article will have lived its useful life. A cursory glance, however, at the major factories of Canada will show a great deal of highly burnished machinery now converted to peacetime production and by no means showing signs of approaching dissolution. In the early years of the war it was not at all uncommon to allow the whole cost of machinery to be written off to expense in the first year on the grounds that if the war finished suddenly and that particular piece of equipment was not convertible to peacetime use, the company would have not lost anything in the investment. Actually a great deal of wartime machinery, with a little ingenuity, is convertible to peacetime use. But the war dragged on and plants which had bought all the machinery that they needed for war production in 1939 to 1943 and which had by 1943 written off all that machinery, were in the same old box again—they were being taxed 100% over and above their greatly increased Standard Profit.

So, late in 1944, the idea of double depreciation was instituted to allow for a gradual reconversion to peacetime pursuits. In other words, reconstruction was anticipated and encouraged. Once again industry answered the call nobly. It would be only too glad, it said, to comply with Finance Minister Ilsley's request to prepare itself for the rigors of peace—particularly insofar as purchase of peacetime machinery was subject to double whatever the pre-war rate had been. Thus in 1945 and 1946 peacetime machinery will have

<sup>1</sup> A corporation, if in the maximum rate of Excess Profits, has 100% of its Excess Profits taken away and then pays 30% tax on its normal or Standard Profits, hence the above figure of 70%. If it is in the minimum rate of Excess Profits, i.e. if its profits are less than 116.6% of its Standard Profits, it pays 30% plus 10% on all its profits. So a comparison between two companies having the same Standard Profit but unequal earnings, shows that the one having the lesser earnings will pay a higher rate of taxation on, and retain less of, its Standard Profit. In other words, the one with the smaller earnings retains but 60% of its Standard Profit whereas the other retains 70%. An inequity almost charming in its whimsicality!

been written off against Excess Profits to the tune of 40% of its cost. In other words, by the end of 1946, many will be the plants replete with shining, forward-looking peacetime machinery, carried on the books for a mere 60c on the dollar, all ready to produce handsome profits at a time when taxation, both corporate and individual, is likely to be considerably reduced as compared with the present.

Before leaving the depreciation matter, hark to one of the stories told these days with much licking of chops. A shrewd operator, with a minimum amount of his own money to invest, but with the guarantee of substantial government contracts, was able to secure a large credit at the bank. He ran his plant day and night and was thus allowed depreciation multiplied by two on the grounds that machinery will wear out twice as fast if it is operated 24 hours a day compared with twelve. (Obsolescence, however, continues in the even tenor of its ways.) As this business had not existed during the Standard Period it was considered a new business and given a Standard Profit greatly in excess of the minimum statutory "standard" for new businesses of \$5,000.00. (Practically nobody but the small business man, who has little money or time for briefs, acquiesced in the minimum Standard Profit). He was allowed a very substantial salary which was, of course, a charge against expense, as was the interest on his bank loan and the quadruple depreciation on his plant and machinery. Before the death of the E.P.T. Act in December 1946, he will have been operating two years, at the end of which period he will have his equipment written off to the extent of 80% and will emerge into the post-war period with a money-making proposition all but totally financed out of the E.P.T.

But perhaps the most scrumptious loophole in the Act is one about which least is known. There is a provision that the Standard Profit shall each year be adjusted up or down at the rate of  $7\frac{1}{2}\%$  to take into account increases or decreases in capital. In order to force distribution of profits the wise old Act said that no  $7\frac{1}{2}\%$  increase in the Standard Period would be allowed on the undistributed earnings of the past year; the company would have to declare a dividend to its shareholders first, then plow back the money left after individual income tax had been paid. But huge corporations have a habit of spawning children known as subsidiaries. Often these children grow big. Now the law states that dividends going from one company to another are non-taxable in the hands of the recipient company, otherwise corporation profits would be subject to triple instead of double taxation. Gleefully detecting this loophole, the obedient subsidiary would declare a stock dividend out of the past year's earnings to the parent company. In effect, then, the earnings were left, unreduced by tax, to increase the Standard Profit by  $7\frac{1}{2}\%$  each year. Shamefacedly the Government finally changed the Act to allow a 5% elevation in Standard Profits for increases in capital wrought by undistributed earnings, thus legalizing the racket. It almost is reminiscent of the lines in Dante about the concupiscent Queen Semiramis, who legitimized lechery: "Abandoned so was she to wanton vice That her own Stigma so to wipe away, Lust was made licit by her law's device."

Yes, the obsequies of the E.P.T. Act, whenever it is finally interred, are sure to be attended by many sincere mourners from the Wall Streets of Canada. Undoubtedly they will try to keep a stiff upper lip and bear the loss with becoming fortitude. They may even say with a trace of indelicacy—under the sad circumstances—that the death of the Act was good riddance. But underneath it all lurks the suspicion that when the gentlemen in the striped pants return to consider the legacy that the deceased has left them in the form

of up-to-the-minute plants, sumptuous offices and a sizable item (sometimes exceeding a million dollars) on their balance sheet known as the refundable portion of the E.P.T., they may well indulge a tear or two in the privacy of their chambers. Surely they may be pardoned for this perhaps unmanly show of sentiment, for no longer will they be able to reply with a twinkle, in response to the joshing of the Blimps at the Club as to where they got the money for this machine and that building extension, "Why, we charged it to Mr. Ilsey."

<sup>2</sup> e.g. refundable portion of E.P.T. of Robert Mitchell Co. Ltd. was \$1,178,649.00 at December 31, 1944, equal to \$16.27 per share.

## Agitator—De Luxe Model

*Ross MacMurray*

► RECENT STRIKES over union security have produced the usual crop of newspaper editorials in which free advice is handed out to workers about their terrible union leaders and the bad effect of strikes. But of late these editorials have lost their punch. Possibly this results from the fact that such good old terms as "foreign agitator" cannot be used because of the inconsiderate elevation to labor leadership of so many native-born unionists. Or it may be because of a sneaking suspicion that the workers don't read the editorials anyway, thereby leaving the writers in the frustrated position of merely writing for official advertiser and publisher approval.

In the hope of restoring some of the old-time vim and vigor to our nation's editorials we'd like to introduce a brand new 1946 de luxe model of industrial disrupter which has everything necessary to incite a good, blazing editorial fury. This new industrial disrupter has been responsible for more turmoil, strikes and general ill-will in a shorter period of time than either the A.F. of L. or the C.I.O. What's more it has not only disrupted labor-management relations but it is trying to sabotage government conciliation machinery by means of arrogant, loud-voiced ultimata which are simply made to order for convincing newspaper indignation. Better still, all this disruption is being financed, not at the expense of the "poor workers" but at the expense of the "taxpayers," which automatically widens the base of editorial appeal. Of course the advertisers and publishers probably know the disrupter intimately but this shouldn't be too much of a drawback. Reaction to editorial comment will be most immediate and more fervent than usual.

The de luxe disrupter even has an alphabetical label in the best union tradition, permitting easy headlining and impersonal writing treatment. It is known as the "Central Ontario Industrial Relations Institute," reducing neatly to "I.R.I." Incorporated in 1943, it has none of the timid industrial or trade limitations of the old-fashioned A.F. of L. and C.I.O. It takes in any employer in any industry. Financing is believed to be by payment of an annual initiation

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fee of \$1.00 per employee and a \$1.00 per month membership fee. This fee is paid over by management with none of the silly union nonsense of securing voluntary authorizations, etc. And that's not all. Special assessments are also understood to be levied at various times for special services.

Militant leader of this new "menace to industrial peace" is a man who is neither a worker nor an active manager. This permits at least one paragraph in editorials about the need for "practical men." He is a lawyer, trained and rehearsed for his job by that most notorious of closed shop organizations, the legal profession. On top of that he has the extra advantage of having been the Executive Secretary of the Ontario Regional War Labor Board, a preliminary training which permits full knowledge of all the angles necessary to squelch any employee's desire for wage increases. He goes under the name of J. C. "Collective Conscience" Adams, K.C.

The "Collective Conscience" label stems from a past utterance by Mr. Adams in which he described his fees-collecting brain child as the "collective conscience of industry." Some idea of the quality and breadth of conscience which Mr. Adams now possesses can be gained from the following list of conscience-stricken Canadians who helped launch his project. There is, for example, Mr. D. C. Betts, conscience-man for Canadian Breweries; Col. Jolly, once associated with John Inglis and Small Arms; E. C. Burton of the Robert Simpson Co.; J. S. Duncan of Massey-Harris; H. Lawson of York Knitting Mills (famous for the York Incentive Plan, exceeded only by the Bedeaux method as a technique for getting employees to fight among themselves over money); M. P. Murphy of Amalgamated Electric; N. P. Petersen of Acme Screw & Gear Co.; Eric Phillips of Research Enterprises and whatever else he can promote; J. I. Simpson of Dunlop Tire & Rubber; J. S. D. Tory, K.C.; W. G. Wecker of General Motors; A. L. Ainsworth of John Inglis. The above is only a partial list but it gives you an idea. Just to bring things up to date we might add that the Federal Wire & Cable Company of Guelph and the Browns' Bread Company of Toronto have recently acquired consciences as a result of Mr. Adams' uplifting influence.

Mr. Adams believes in the tried and true principle of organizing the unorganized rather than engaging in jurisdictional warfare with such upper bracket territories as Mr. Aylesworth's Ford in Windsor, Mr. Forsyth's Dosco and packing plants; Senator Bench in the Peninsula or Senator Hayden in Aluminum. Mr. Adams will be the first to admit that he hasn't caused strikes the size of the Ford Strike or the packing plant strikes. But give him time.

It is generally believed that Mr. Adams got the idea of industrial disruption on a large scale while witnessing, as War Labor Board Executive Secretary, the simple and trusting efforts of the A.F. of L. and C.I.O. to actually get wage increases for workers through the medium of the Boards in the face of delays caused by such elementary tactics as lost files, plausible excuses, stalling and buck-passing. This sort of thing just didn't result in enough disruption, no matter how much Mr. Adams helped. Forgetting about the overloaded labor side, Mr. Adams turned to the employers whose abrupt snarls about "inability to pay," "unfair competition" and "outside agitators" possessed none of the smooth legal wording so necessary to impress government appointees. He at once envisaged the lucrative possibilities of handling their cases for them. In the best free enterprise tradition he accepted the training provided by the taxpayers and the invaluable contacts made possible by the taxpayers, quit his job and launched his frail barque upon the broad streams of progress. And, as one fellow member of his profession joy-

ously remarked to this writer one day, "Why not? There's a lot of lawyers who are kicking themselves because they didn't think up such a juicy racket themselves!"

Within recent months Mr. Adams has added considerably to his staff. He follows the original plan of waiting until the government trains some able young man in the intricacies of wage and labor board procedure, then yanking him out and over to the side of exploited employers. Another assistant, Mr. Garside, recently made an outstanding contribution to labor-management studies by the profound observation that "the relationship between management and workers is essentially that of 'mawster' and servant."

There seems to be no truth in the rumor that he is at present negotiating to secure Mr. Metzler, his successor as the Executive Secretary of the Ontario War Labor Board. Union representatives claim that Mr. Metzler is so much more adept at losing files and gumming up wage cases for months on end that there is great danger of him taking over the I.R.I. if he ever got a chance. Furthermore the Drew Government can't find such efficient civil servants easily. The new crop is foolishly trying to be fair. Furthermore this tendency of executive personnel on the Wage Boards to transfer over to the I.R.I. payroll is resulting in a growing suspicion that such people aren't quite as "impartial" as they are supposed to be. Continued transfers might convince the public as well as union leaders that there is some alignment between the government and the employers. This is not politically popular at the moment.

Accepting preliminary training at the expense of public enterprise doesn't worry Mr. Adams any more than it worries any other private enterpriser. After all, membership fees and special service charges can be listed as legitimate expenditures and thereby cut down the amount of taxable profit of the member company. So the taxpayers not only provide Mr. Adams with his staff but also indirectly finance the whole venture.

The I.R.I.'s disruption technique is simplicity itself. Unlike the A.F. of L. and C.I.O. who operate from the labor side, seek to get into negotiations with management and try to secure industrial peace as soon as possible in the form of a suitable collective agreement, Mr. Adams follows the ancient principle of the legal profession: "For heaven's sake keep the two parties as far apart as possible or they'll settle out of court!"

Applying this principle to the industrial relations field, the I.R.I. simply does its best to keep the local union people from too intimate contact with foremen and the union representatives from getting around a table alone with the plant manager or superintendent. There is always the grave danger that such intimate association might produce talk on technical lines, result in better understanding and a collective agreement which would provide a simple grievance procedure, fair, standardized wages and an all-round improvement in union-management relations. To a good industrial disrupter the very idea is abhorrent. Instead, the agreement negotiations should be strung out as long as possible, wage cases should be fought by means of legal technicalities until they get as far as the National War Labor Board which, unlike the Regional Boards, almost automatically rejects all union-asked wage demands. It is particularly necessary to get the front office men into discussions since these people don't worry about the practical solutions preferred by working plant managements but like to stand upon all those nicely prepared "legal rights" which generations of lawyers have established for their protection, the lawyers' security of income and the employees' discomfort.

"Union Security" is, of course, completely taboo. It has proved to be entirely too productive of industrial harmony and is a sure sign that the union is getting tired of being disruptive and the management is getting tired of waiting for non-union employees to organize a company association. Recent "minutes" of the I.R.I. show that employer members are bluntly barred from embodying union shop or even maintenance of membership in collective agreements. Mr. Adams hasn't much use for the check-off either. It tends to give stewards too much time to settle grievances and thereby makes the business more smooth-running. But he'll agree to it if forced. Of course he prefers a good strike first just as a face-saver. Encouraged by the strikes so far caused by a dogmatic, unreasoning insistence upon lack of union security, the I.R.I. has apparently convinced one Guelph client that he should withdraw the union security provisions previously granted to the employees since they are proving to be far too peaceful in their results.

Government conciliation efforts are torpedoed with ease by the I.R.I. Totally ignoring the idea that conciliation exists for trying to work out a compromise, Mr. Adams simply informs government conciliation Boards in a loud voice that, no matter what they recommend in the line of union security, his client won't accept it. This makes the Chairman and Employee Representative very peeved, of course, but who cares? They get their twenty dollars a day for listening and they haven't the power to enforce their decisions anyway. And, as any lawyer will tell you—that's all that matters.

There is always the danger that labor may succeed in convincing either the federal or provincial government to pass a law making union security mandatory. But the I.R.I. isn't worried much. Its members have a lot of drag with Mr. King and Mr. Drew and can be counted upon to do everything possible to block such practical, peace-making measures. And even if the law were passed there would always be a few loopholes left.

Two things do worry Mr. Adams, however. The first is that he might be just a shade too successful. This might result in the wiping out of unions in the members' plant which would, in turn, mean that there is no reason for the member to continue as an I.R.I. participant. This is offset by speeches about "collective bargaining being here to stay," with an insistence upon "honest bargaining with bona-fide unions," which Mr. Adams makes to dinner clubs on carefully chosen occasions.

The second possibility is that the old Industrial Disputes Investigation Act provisions, which debarred lawyers from representing companies or unions before Conciliation Boards unless mutually agreeable, might be revived. This would mean that the company and union would have to sit down together and, as a result, find out that they get along fine. Furthermore, both parties would have to argue on practical issues instead of legal technicalities. Such a horrible state of affairs obviously just mustn't happen again.

This brief picture of the new de luxe industrial disrupter should give the newspaper editorial writers plenty of scope. If the I.R.I. hasn't got everything necessary for a good, ranting, roaring editorial, then the days of such editorials are truly finished forever. Get to work while there's time, boys. You never can tell how long it will last.

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## Music and Community

Marcus Adeney

► ANY ARTICLE written today should have a post-atomic label and be numbered; and its contents should fit into a knowledge pattern suited to our immediate need. Here I want to say as plainly as possible that the language of music is an inescapable part of civilized speech, that the meanings of words are only partial—in their reference and effect—and finally that the arts must be used as foundation stones in the building of a new social awareness.

The trouble with words is that the emotional reverberations, the under-meanings which are conveyed by their ordering, are taken for granted while the conscious or surface mind busies itself with a logical pattern. It is this taken-for-grantedness which allowed the advertiser to evolve his apparatus of deception whereby a readiness to act is encouraged while critical defenses are circumvented. It is a failure to notice which makes so many ill forms of propaganda effective in the modern world. We do not notice because of a separation, usually affected at a very early age, between logical thought and emotional sequence. It is the function of music directly, of the other arts indirectly, to reveal this emotional sequence.

Music, at all times, is the language of the subconscious, the perfectly clear spokesman for the organic ordering of emotional events. It has its structures, its peculiar logic, its own developments and retrogressions. It is as direct as speech can possibly be, as comprehensive as the inner world of man. It is, properly, the better part of understanding, a solid frame upon which verbal walls can be constructed. Combined with words, as poetry, it provides a true reflection of humanity. Without a song there would be no *sense* to living; without the emotional balance achieved in poetic speech words degenerate into jargon and finally are not even listened to.

In the contemporary world every man has his specialization on which, it seems to him, life itself depends. And every specialized function has its groupings, its special points of view, its peculiar ways of pressing for general acceptance. Some of these ways are socially negative in their effects—as when the jargon of politics, the jargon of newspapers, the rhetorical idealism of clergymen, is presented as an adequate statement of fact. Actually the living awareness of any living moment will never be comprehended—by word, or poem, or melody, though it be wonderfully suggested. The assumption that such completeness is attained only tends to separate the two necessary phases of life, logical thought and emotional structure. No one, and no society, can live either by intellect or intuition (so called). It is the development of persons, of the collective life of people, in the direction of a balanced economy of powers, that makes for civilization.

In Canada today there are operating huge and contradictory forces. And this is true not only of the country, of social and economic groups within the country, but of each of us as individuals. If we have character, a qualified awareness, it was inherited as a cultural set or pattern. That inheritance is sure to conflict, at points, with a need for integration—at all levels and in all particulars—which now appears to be the first condition of survival. Peace, comfort, the easy adjustment of inner to outer, man to society, young to old, self to not-self—none of these things can be looked for in our time. Nor can we hope to make statements which will be generally true tomorrow. We are interim figures

not very well adapted to the real world of organism and circumstance.

\* \* \*

The present popular movement in favor of Community Centres (with which is closely associated the growth of Community Councils and similar organizations) has for its origins, I believe, a deep instinctive urge. Men in urban areas are curiously alone, dissociated from each other, lacking a community of real interest. Small towns reflect the growth patterns and the inhibitions of great cities—are circumstantially too involved with undeclared powers, social and economic, to achieve self direction. Rural folk have become dependent alike on material and cultural goods provided by those who have a stake in the continuance of most things as they are. I think all this spells loneliness first and foremost, that none of our sorrows is comparable to that caused by a lack of understanding and of any common social denominator.

With the growth of the Community Centre-Community Council idea, the spread of local organizations concerned with integration within a given area, the importance of music and the other arts is being realized by more and more people. The fact that musical speech is inward, a kind of shared soliloquy, for a long time allowed the notion of art as amusement or decoration to prevail over broader concepts. No doubt these notions served a temporary purpose in affecting ever more specialization and exploitation certain developed tastes and customs. The musician has been a "different" sort of person for a long time, and the special insights, the peculiar scepticism arising from the conditions of his employment, have been denied a social use-value. But the introduction of Community Centres, with cultural programs directly concerned with the Folk, immediately challenges such separation. Music is a manner of speech or it is nothing; it is by way of being a community sacrament. And a sense of all this is becoming general. Returned from London travellers tell us it is impossible to attend a concert unless you book a seat weeks ahead.

Of course education for life has necessarily been departmentalized. Adult Education in one form or another has to face all the emergent facts of self and society. Knowledge must be communicated in specialized forms and new facts fitted to the old in a highly complex fashion. Is this the time to establish cultural awareness on its two fundamental levels—conscious and subconscious, logical and emotional—within the existing community?

I believe that the people, through various agencies and organizations, will answer this question themselves. They will develop local cultural groups through community councils, community centre programs and projects. These local groups will provide the ground wire for imaginative statements of all kinds, will relate not only the works of artist to daily life, but the artist and musician to his own home town—to Main Street and the remote forest clearing, to the masses of the people whose real life experience has always been close to his own.

Briefly, if we win on the community level, we who are concerned about communication in a society which has stressed only special interest and the techniques of a selling agent, we Canadians will not put social or economic matters of discourse before music and the other arts. Neither shall professionals fail to support Adult Educational programs—whatever movement, social or political, assures progress toward an integrated, co-operative society.

\* \* \*

It would be absurd to suggest that merely by saying *this must be* men can get things done, can easily introduce novelty into a world of affairs sustained by the pressure of immediate

interest. Something should be said here of short-term proposals. Where are we going tomorrow and what is the next step?

We shall, almost at once, have to depend upon group interests and group solidarity for employment, living standards and (perhaps most important of all) for place, purpose and function in society. The individual, fighting for the right to sell his wares under fair conditions in a market place, is being replaced by an association of socially useful performers of essential services. This is not something to argue about, to celebrate or regret. It is just obvious.

But we shall go on being individuals, like the men and women of the Middle Ages or of the Renaissance. Basically our self and social expressive needs will be unchanged. Moreover, our cultural inheritance may be more valuable than anyone has supposed. No matter how far we diverge, theoretically, from the views of our fathers, we are not so original, not so clever, that we can hope in one or two generations to recreate the terms of living awareness.

All this means that any novelty in the psychic realm must come from the discovery and communication of new relations. The individual does not surrender his individuality; he recognizes the terms of its continuance. To put it directly: a man's private enterprise is not enough (socially will not—cannot protect him). His professional organization or social privilege is not enough (the need of people as a whole is sure to be more pressing). The national interest is not even defensible (another war would destroy all our cities). The world state, as employer of labor, is already impracticable (man is an individual and embodies in himself all social values). The failure of ambition, group interest, national states, a world ruling class, will compel realization of the practical terms of living on a planet within this generation.

These are, I believe, the short-term prospects compelling immediate attention to the cultural facts of life. We cannot win with words, with machinery, with machinations. There isn't time to re-educate the world, meanwhile pursuing our own desperately urgent private interests. The only way forward now is that of social behavior; and quite a number of Canadians are acting as though they knew it.

The new Canadian Arts Council represents a group of special interest bodies reconciled to social objectives (this is *not* just a pressure group). The Canadian Association for Adult Education has within it many persons who are putting our Canadian interest before the urgency of a professional or business ties. The CCF has attracted men who look further than party concerns; and I do not suggest that they are idealists. The same may be true, for all I know, of Progressive Conservatives. In every profession the best men are bigger than the association to which they belong. I mean, precisely, that they are more realistic. At the present time Community groups, Community Councils, offer very little to their supporters; yet their success, in recent months, has been phenomenal.

All this adds up to one thing: that men to be themselves must be in a communication with other men on the various levels of awareness. Every specialization has advanced our knowledge, brought the control of a planet so much closer. But each specialization has increased the need for social integration, individual completion. There is no substitute for living.

Music, first and foremost among the arts, expressed the shaping of our emotional life, its curious consistency and orderliness, its unavoidable sequence. At the same time it speaks directly to the hidden self, the world of impulse to which logical formations always refer. That is, music reveals



and co-ordinates—should never be thought of as a diversion, a matter of secondary concern. If, as may be, the neurosis of our society has reached the stage suggested by Freud in his last work, it is of supreme importance that communication should henceforward be musical (aesthetic) as well as verbal. Croce is but a name to most people; yet his concept of history as a developing aesthetic may be of supreme importance.

Today a much used and abused word is participation. Group discussion, group solutions, group projects are known to be fruitful in ways the individual could not even have imagined. Music on the air, in the concert hall, at the movies, may be regarded as an introduction to the world of organized sound. But it is not enough for the community, the individual, the music-maker. Something else is needed at once to make our purposes effective, perhaps music associations in connection with the Community Council. It is along these lines that we have been experimenting (with professional, youth, and local talent concerts) at Beaches Public Library in Toronto. But this article is concerned only with stating a case, the case for music as a living language (necessary for the understanding of our whole human predicament) and not with guesswork solutions to any social problem.

## CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor:

In your editorial on the Chisholm affair, in your January issue, you say:

(1) that there is a "revival of claims by religious spokesmen to exercise some sort of censorship over what scientists may say to the public";

(2) that "Dr. Bruce and such people in Toronto" are claiming that "their Christian conscience must be safeguarded against whatever they may construe as affronts coming from secular scientists," a claim which you describe as "pure effrontery";

(3) that "the bigotry of Quebec joins hands with the bigotry of Toronto in their desire to stamp upon Mr. Chisholm as a bad thing."

Perhaps you would be kind enough to state when and where "religious spokesmen" of the Protestant churches in Canada have made any such claims as you describe in (1). Such comments on General Chisholm's speeches by Protestant religious leaders as I have seen (notably those of the Anglican Primate and the Secretary of the United Church) certainly do not provide any foundation for your assertion.

Perhaps also you would state where and when Dr. Bruce made the claim you attribute to him in (2). Certainly not in his speech in the House of Commons on December 3 last. I have read that speech carefully, several times, and it does not contain a scrap of justification for your charge. It opens with a handsome tribute to General Chisholm's professional eminence, and a suggestion that certain ecclesiastical criticisms of the medical services of the armed forces may have furnished some excuse for the Washington speech. It goes on to state Dr. Bruce's disagreement with General Chisholm's reported attack on the whole conception of morality, of right and wrong, and to give reasons for that disagreement, coupled with a regret that General Chisholm's views should have gained in importance and influence by virtue of the high government position he holds. It winds up with an admission that "traditional values may need to have some of their dross and barnacles removed" and an affirmation that in Dr. Bruce's judgment "this is no time in the history of the world to do or say anything that challenges the moral foundation of life."

The whole speech, I may add, was restrained and dignified in language, and contained not a syllable about safeguarding anybody from anything, nor about "stamping" on General Chisholm, asking for his dismissal, or even suggesting an official reprimand.

Whether the reference to "bigotry" in Toronto was intended to apply to Dr. Bruce is not clear. If so, I venture to think that any fair minded person reading the speech in the House will agree that you were stretching the word altogether beyond reason. If you did not in this passage have Dr. Bruce in mind, I suggest it would have been fairer and more courteous to make that clear.

I venture to suggest also that it would be more useful if, instead of pitching into Dr. Bruce, you would give us your own considered opinion, supported by arguments, on the proper limits, if any, of the freedom of speech to be accorded to senior civil servants. Has a Deputy Minister, for example, the right to state publicly his views on any matter within his professional competence? Would the Deputy Minister of Justice be within his rights in making a speech to the Canadian Bar Association declaring roundly that the radical vice of our legal system was the notion that there was any such thing as guilt or innocence? Would the Deputy Minister of National Revenue be entitled to make a speech to a group of businessmen telling them that the whole notion that people ought to pay their taxes was just an old wives' tale and was responsible for many of our present economic and social difficulties? Would any Deputy Minister be entitled to make a speech denouncing the democratic system of government?

General Chisholm, according to all the reports I have seen, said plainly that the whole idea of right and wrong was false and disastrous. In the same speech, however, he is also reported to have exhorted his fellow-psychiatrists to be absolutely "honest." I am not a psychiatrist, a philosopher, or a religious leader, so perhaps I am out of court. But as a plain ordinary citizen, I should like to ask what becomes of honesty if there is no such thing as right or wrong? What, indeed, becomes of truth and falsehood, or of any values at all? What becomes of the basis of science, or even of ordinary argument? To put the thing in a nutshell: if General Chisholm is right in his main premise, then it becomes impossible to prove him or anyone else either right or wrong. That, at least, is how it seems to me. How in the world we are to carry on government on a basis of that kind I cannot for the life of me see. But I suppose this is merely Ottawa bigotry added to Toronto and Quebec.

General Chisholm may have been misreported, or he may have expressed himself badly. But that is not the real point. The real point, to my mind, is whether there are any limits on the freedom of speech of senior civil servants. That question, I think, deserves more consideration, and more dispassionate consideration, than it has yet received. It may also be questioned whether certain utterances by a civil servant might not so impair his usefulness as to justify the Government in removing him. I do not say that General Chisholm's utterances fall in this class, so I hope I shall not be accused of wanting to "stamp" on him. I am merely raising the question, and suggesting that if anyone thinks General Chisholm's speech in Washington has queered the pitch for the Department of Health and Welfare he may, perhaps, properly urge the General's removal without necessarily being a bigot, a reactionary or an enemy of civil liberties. There is a possibility that the functions of a prophet and a Deputy Minister, at any rate in a country like Canada, are not altogether compatible.

EUGENE FORSEY,  
Ottawa, Ont.

The Editor:

This subscriber is irritated by your "Anatomy" articles — first "The Anatomy of the Common Man," and now "of the Liberal."

Some of my best friends are to be found within the circle of the Common Man. I am not sure that I do not belong there myself. In any case I sympathize with him in his dilemmas, do what I can to help him in his perplexities, pooh-pooh his little fears and occasionally rage at him in his moments of downright stupidity. But I never, never insult him with my pity. I would thank your contributors to refrain as well.

The same applies more or less in the case of the Liberal. If such a type exists as described it should soon be an extinct species. No doubt he was human, and possibly a little weaker in his humanity than his superior mental equipment would justify, but surely he has earned a decent burial.

It might be interesting if someone would write an anatomy of the Toronto Intellectual, the kind of person whose contributions so largely make up *The Canadian Forum*. Perhaps it would seem that he, too, constitutes a class more to be pitied than despised. Incidentally if you are really sold on the dissecting of "types" by fertile imaginations you will find hundreds of examples in the literature of National Socialist Germany. The genre is said to be very useful for abusive purposes.

D. A. SINCLAIR,  
Seebe, Alta.

The Editor:

Mr. D. Suter is quite at liberty to express his opinions as he does in your issue of January, 1946. Lest his lack of clarity regarding National Farm Radio Forum confuse some of your readers I would like to raise the following points for their consideration.

1. The radio broadcast is only one part of National Farm Radio Forum. It takes study material, local meetings, written reports, etc., to complete the project. The broadcast is intended for the use of discussion groups.

2. No one recognizes more clearly than those working in the project that National Farm Radio Forum is not perfect. Mr. Suter, by his reference to the program of November 5 which featured Sir John Boyd-Orr, himself seems to admit that some broadcasts are satisfactory.

3. Participants on National Farm Radio Forum broadcasts are at liberty to express whatever relevant opinions they happen to hold and should continue to do so even if they disagree with Mr. Suter.

4. If Mr. Suter would provide himself with a list of names of those participating on National Farm Radio Forum broadcasts it might convince him that there is not likely to be a "deterioration of outlook" among such.

5. National Farm Radio Forum makes no attempt to urge upon rural people any particular course of action with reference to methods of farming or any other problem. Its purposes have been made clear repeatedly:

"to provide a medium through which

"A. The spirit of neighborliness will be strengthened in rural communities.

"B. Farm people will learn to work together more effectively in solving their problems.

"C. Better understanding will be developed among the people of Canada."

—From Farm Forum Handbook.

Further I would add that there are better ways of strengthening farm organizations and the leadership thereof than irresponsible sniping from the outside.

RALPH S. STAPLES,  
National Secretary,  
National Farm Radio Forum.

## Welcome Home, Private Enterprise!

P. C. Jory

Welcome home, Private Enterprise! Well, well, do you know, I hardly expected to see you back. This time, I said to myself, poor old Private Enterprise sure's a goner. Yet here you are, looking tougher than ever. Before all the lads are home from overseas, before they even have homes to live in or jobs to work at, you are right back to your old game. How do you manage it so soon? Must have friends at Ottawa, eh!

Of course, it's not as though this was the first war you had survived. You seem to thrive on them, I must say. All those nineteenth century scraps for markets and colonies. Seem small by comparison with today, but they cost plenty of lives and money. And you came through them all. You know, you've got people so accustomed to making money in wartime that they often get frightened at the thought of peace. You make peace horrible with unemployment, and make war attractive with profits and prosperity, so that people actually argue that war is a "creative" activity. What a lad you are for twisting things round the wrong way. Why, I've known you make it seem almost reasonable to burn food while people were starving. No priests ever had a stronger hold over men's minds than you have acquired.

After World War Number I, I was a bit concerned about you. Some dangerous new habits of government buying and selling were just starting when the war ended. There was a possibility that you might have been permanently controlled and restricted. The Progressive Party actually split the old party lines. But you knew how to handle that little menace; the Liberals swallowed and silenced all but the ginger group under J. S. Woodsworth, and the Tories have eaten up Mr. Bracken, so that's the end of that. Back came "normalcy." And what a time you gave us, to be sure. The get-rich-quick-twenties! And the fine big crash in 1929, just to sober us up. And the ten years depression. You certainly kept us guessing. Never a dull moment when Private Enterprise is around.

But what really made me think you might be put on the shelf was this last war. Your stock had fallen pretty low. We seemed to be getting along so much better with a firm government hand on things. Can't imagine how we should have survived without it. The government acted as broker for the nation. Found out what was needed, where it could be manufactured or grown, and gave the orders to produce. Your plants did a good job, too. The goods certainly got made in quantity. Not like the depression days! With a plan to work on, and with the government seeing that priority was given to the things that were most useful, we got along wonderfully well. I certainly thought people would not want to go back to the old system.

I guess you were a bit worried too. There was so much talk about "The Century of the Common Man." Must have sounded strange to you. You are only interested in the man with cash in his pocket—and you feel no responsibility for putting it there. If he's a worker or farmer, you try to keep it out of his pocket, don't you? None of this union, wage-raising stuff. What would happen to you if people were put ahead of money? If babies became more important than bank accounts? If places where children were deposited were as clean and comfortable as places where money was deposited? If luxuries could not be manufactured until basic

wants were satisfied? If none were allowed to have too much until all had enough? You would never survive it.

Yet this sort of spirit was in the air. Government officials even talked about it. Elaborate committees on reconstruction were set up. Huge reports came in. We found out exactly how many houses we needed, how many doctors we were short, how many workers would need jobs. It made people believe these things would be provided for them. It seemed as though at last we were going to do some intelligent planning. Remember the Liberal Party slogan for the last federal election—Help Us Build a New Social Order? Almost like a CCF slogan, that was! From the Liberal Party of Canada, now in office. And here you turn up, with your familiar old face! My, my, what fun we do have!

You know, as I look at you, you seem in many ways stronger than ever. All your big businesses are bigger than ever. In the first world war private individuals made millions. In the second world war corporations made millions. The little man goes on being the little man. Take companies like Ford, and General Motors, and Dominion Steel & Coal, and C.I.L. They are sitting pretty; lots of new plant equipment, all sorts of rapid depreciation allowed for, huge reserves ready for use. And Aluminum Limited—it's almost too good to be true. Do you remember the figures? We allowed them some \$164,000,000 in special depreciation; we paid for all the plant extension and 60% of the huge Shipshaw power development. The rest coming from the U.S. and U.K. governments on war contracts. So they are allowed to remain a monopoly, and to exploit for private profit a Canadian power project capable of producing 2,000,000 h.p., without any government interference or control, and after being white-washed by a Liberal Party Committee of Parliament. No wonder they have just donated \$100,000 for the building of a Catholic church at Arvida! Bravo, Private Enterprise!

Then take the labor situation. Began to look bad for you during the war. To get workers to work harder, they had to be given some concessions. It was pretty clever the way the government in 1939 said it was in favor of collective bargaining, but made no law to enforce it. That kept labor hopping around for four years. Not till 1943 did P.C. 1003 give some right to union recognition. The Wage Freezing Order kept workers stuck to their low standards. Yet even with this skillful plan for holding labor in place the power of the unions grew. Quite a danger that the voice of the little man might actually be heard for once. But that seems all over with your return. A good stretch of unemployment will fix these labor agitators. "We cannot take sides," said Humphrey Mitchell when the Ford workers were on the picket line, and he watched Ford winning the strike. Humphrey Mitchell—the Liberal Party's ideal Labor Minister—guaranteed not to take sides when labor is in trouble.

No, no, Private Enterprise, you needn't worry about labor—just yet. Too many voted Liberal. Seventy-five per cent. have not bothered to join a union. I'd be careful, though, if I were you, because another depression might put ideas into their heads.

The chief reason why you need not fear the reconstruction period, though, is that we scrapped nearly all our government plants. It was pretty serious during the war, to see how easily government could establish highly efficient factories to make things that you had never made or would not make. Rather jolted the people who keep saying that governments can never run anything as well as private business can. Canadian engineers proved that with government financing and

support they could do any kind of a job that was asked of them. They would not have to go running off to the United States for jobs after the war if this were to keep up. But it could not be kept up without hurting you. So we have scrapped it all, except things like radium production, which still smells of war, and synthetic rubber, which may be hit by real rubber some day soon. Handed it over to you at fireside prices, like the magnesium plant, all complete with the Pigeon process invented in the National Research laboratories. Isn't that generous of us! Here, take it all, we taxpayers say; we have paid for it, and built it, and won a war with it, but you have it now, and give us the pleasure of buying the goods back from you again at any price you like to fix, and if you don't want to produce at all and wish to fire your labor force, well that's swell too. Could we do more for you, Private Enterprise? You are one veteran we have treated with the utmost consideration.

I guess you found it pretty tough overseas, eh? Nasty people, these Europeans. Pretty well liquidated you, haven't they? Oh, I was forgetting—you can count on Franco and Salazar. But the rest seem to be run by Socialists. What has happened? You would have thought that after beating Hitler they would have welcomed back bankers and financiers and the big industrialists who are such keen defenders of democracy these days. Even good old England—but it pains me to mention it. You must have been glad to be back in North America again, where you can pick up the *Financial Post* or listen to a speech by Mr. Howe and feel right at home.

But even in Canada you are not quite safe. I'd keep an eye on Saskatchewan if I were you. Those farmers and workers have begun something you won't like. And it's working out, no doubt about that. I guess the best thing for you to do is to keep a firm hand on the Liberal Party in Canada. The Conservatives are all washed up. What you want to do is to get your man appointed head of the Liberals when Willy Willie gives up (he's been a good friend to you, my boy, and don't you forget it). It's your only chance for another stretch of power. But above all—watch those unemployment figures.

## Film Review

D. Mosdell

► WOLCOTT GIBBS remarked in his *Saturday Review of Literature* article that the one commendable feature of Hollywood movies is the high quality of the photography in them; and he laments that critics generally, writing about movies, have so little technical knowledge of the subject that they are unable to make any pertinent comments on this peculiar excellence. This seems to me absurd. It is true of course that idle prattle about montage effects confuses everybody and deceives no one, coming as it so often does from somebody who is not entirely sure whether the producer, the director, or Yehudi is responsible for the face on the cutting-room floor. But the average crusader for more satisfying and adult movies is well within his rights in complaining that however good American photography may be as photography, the business of suiting the style of photography to the kind of story to be filmed is managed much better in France.

Take *Blonde Fever*, for instance, reviewed here some months ago. It was a more or less adult sermon on the disadvantages of being a complete egoist. Both the characters and the dialogue provided some very pretty ironic effects which ought to have been reflected and emphasized through



the visual medium of the camera, and were not. As far as photography went, the story was filmed in the average Hollywood style; and the best that can be said for the result is that it did convey an overall impression of vague shoddiness, like cheap taffeta, which suited the surface of the story well enough. But if *Blonde Fever* missed distinction, it was because the photography was played straight, so to speak, and not because the quality of story or dialogue was at fault.

The best current example of what can be done with intelligent direction and good photography is the Rene Clair production *And Then There Were None* filmed from the Agatha Christie mystery novel, *Ten Little Niggers*. The plot of the novel is based on the simple mathematical progression represented in the nursery jingle which begins: "Ten little Nigger boys" (only the movies change it to Indians to avoid trouble in Detroit) "went out to dine; one choked himself to death, and then there were nine."

Ten people, each of whom has been responsible for someone else's death, are marooned together on an island. One by one they are killed off to the tune of the jingle, and it becomes clear that one of them is a self-appointed executioner.

In the novel the plot is allowed to work itself out logically. The murderer seals a confession in a bottle which he tosses into the sea, and then commits suicide — "One little Nigger boy lived all alone; one day he hanged himself, and then there were none." The end of the book presents the reader with a pleasing picture of the island left alone with all those bodies, gulls screaming and swooping around, and the sun shining with cheerful impartiality over the whole scene.

In making the picture the usual maddening concessions had to be made to Hollywood convention; there had to be a love story, so two of the characters fell in love with each other; and since it is unthinkable that romance should die, both characters had to survive; this in turn disposed of the bottled confession — the murderer confesses in person, and a new melodramatic climax with humanity triumphant is added. Apart from these imbecilities, the film follows the story fairly closely.

Clair's use of photography here is superb. Since the story is mathematical, and the characters have the familiar static quality of elaborately carved chessmen, Clair sets out deliberately to carry through the dramatic white-on-black, black-on-white pattern of a chessboard. There is no physical horror in the sense of misty spookery. Shadows are sharply distinct, and everything has a shadow of its own; even in a thunderstorm outlines darken but do not dim; and the total impression of the film is precisely of bright sunlight on yellow sand, a heap of black clothes on a beach, gulls and wind and spiny grass. It is impossible to describe the economy with which this result is achieved; there are no irrelevant pictures whatever; the camera makes none of the yawning aimless surveys of the general situation so familiar in American movies. The chessboard is built up block by block, black and white; the characters move swiftly and inevitably according to their mathematical destiny; suspense in the usual sense of apprehension of the unknown or the unpredictable is quite absent; but excitement mounts steadily to a logical and completely satisfying peak. Everything is clear; everything is explained; black, white, good, bad, and the flawed character of the executioner photographed in the moment of confession from exactly the right angle at exactly the right time. *And Then There Were None* comes close to being real cinema; and only because for once in a way story, music, and photography were inter-related and complementary. Apply the same intelligence to real people in real places and you might just possibly produce art.

## Unconscious Fascism

Dorothy Fraser

► RACE PREJUDICE is rampant on this continent. It has many causes, the basic one being economic, as is so often demonstrated. It has many manifestations, ranging from the most rabid utterances of our professional anti-Semites, anti-Orientals, White Canada Research League members and so forth, to the unconscious remarks of people who think of themselves as progressive citizens.

Fascism in seizing upon any real or imagined lack of unity in a nation has race prejudice ready to hand. And it is the unconscious remarks of civilized people which are an uncombated danger. People have stood up against the anti-Oriental politician, the Jew-baiting orator; they have written letters to the papers expressing a non-barbarous point of view on these matters; they have, through different organizations insisted that the government of Canada shall treat all citizens alike. But the unconscious assumptions of superiority so carelessly tossed out in casual conversation need attention too.

Easily recognized is the cruelty of one human being to another in this remark from a typically race-prejudiced woman of Florida: "The niggers know their place in our town." The horror of the situation thus revealed strikes us at this distance as some more of that American hypocrisy about the "American way of life" and its eminent suitability for imposition upon all mankind. But is Florida so many steps away from the *Vancouver Province's* headline: "Douks protest manufacturing of atom bomb" (Dec. 29, 1945)? Is it so far from the common remark of the better-off housewife in certain southern sections of B.C. "I was going to get Blank's Douk to help with the cleaning, but she went back to Grand Forks for Christmas"? It is so far from "the Chinaman" of the west coast whose eccentricities as gardener or house-worker enliven the dinner table? This was stretched even further in the casual remark during a mild bout of village gossip that a certain family of white origin were of such scandalous repute that "even the Chinaman won't let his children play with theirs." Is Florida really so far from the not-at-all serious enquiry of a visitor about local dances in a small community: "What would you do if you saw your wife dancing with a Doukhobor?" Happily here the answer, "I should dance with his," came in time.

And what of the person who, hearing that a former resident was returning, although elderly, to his former work as manager of a rubber plantation in Java, said: "It'll be hard for him now, especially with the natives so much more difficult to handle." What of those who talk so glibly of "distributing Japs" as though they were not human beings, but mere pieces of wood or paper?

It is something perhaps that we have largely stopped talking about fellow human beings, fellow Canadians, as Wops and Chinks. Or possibly there has been merely a transfer to Douks and Japs. What a long way we have to go! It seems as if unconscious attitudes of racial superiority must first become conscious attempts to know and understand our fellow human beings through education and contact, and then, from this approach, the higher unconscious acceptance of equality and brotherhood must arise. Many people have friends whom they think of as Australian, German, French, Russian, Mexican, Icelandic, and so on. This is the first stage and perhaps a stage that cannot be omitted—

as by analogy peoples seem to be compelled to pass through nationalism to internationalism. But in the second stage it would not seem a trifle unusual and exotic to have friends of varied racial origins: it would be the natural social mode of the whole country.

To get as quickly as possible to this second stage must be the immediate task. The psychology of social relationships has been neglected, and while it is assumed that the economic basis of life will be improved, it must not be assumed that that alone will make lambs out of wolves. Psychology should be dealing with little details of everyday life. It should be helping to create the pattern of the future. Every resource of psychological knowledge has been utilized by advertisers of dubious goods, including the advertisers of race-baiting. Such resources can be applied in a constructive manner.

One aspect has received little study, and that is the subconscious sex motive. The fallacies so apparent in our sex-taboo-ridden society have done enormous damage. Certainly the myth of Negro potency is behind much that is not otherwise understandable in the southern states, and it seems probable that race-prejudiced persons have not been successful in their own adjustments so that a great deal of scientific work must be done, and its results popularized. The fears of many semi-educated women about minority races are due to their subconscious preoccupation with rape. This state of affairs is explicable enough in our society, but it too will have to be eliminated from our social thinking. At present we have scarcely any material to work with.

What can be done now? First, individuals can decide never to refer to other Canadians by their racial origin in such a way as to throw disparagement upon it; the word "foreigner" can be omitted completely, along with "Douk," "Jap," "Chinaman," "Siwash," and so on; the word "Canadian" can be introduced as often as possible, even if circumlocutions are sometimes necessary for the sake of identification as in the phrase, "Canadian soldiers of Chinese ancestry." For the most part such identification is not necessary.

Second, individuals can constantly write to the editors of the papers they read, not necessarily for publication, though preferably so, pointing out that readers object to headlines referring to Canadians as Douks, Japs and so on, and also they may object to the fact that newspapers, when reporting crime, give the racial origin of the persons involved if those persons are of Negro, Oriental or Indian heritage, thus building up the commonly held fallacy that certain races are prone to crime. This is one of the most psychologically powerful ways in which race-prejudice is, unconsciously perhaps, encouraged by newspapers.

Third, individuals and organizations can publicly dissociate themselves from expressions of race-baiting; they can put forth resolutions showing a civilized spirit, and they can keep on putting forth such resolutions. They can attack the vague rumor type of statement so much circulated by lecturers lacking integrity, and can challenge such speakers to produce proof of their "six battalions of fully trained Japanese soldiers in British Columbia"—totally unknown to the R.C.M.P. They can publicize the easily ascertained facts.

There must be many other things which can be done to turn us back from "the trail which the Nazis followed to the end," and to set us again on the path of civilization. Perhaps *The Canadian Forum* could receive concrete suggestions and publish a list of them from time to time.

## OUR NEW ADDRESS

Subscribers will please note that the address of the editorial and business offices of *The Canadian Forum* has been changed from 28 Wellington St. West, to 16 Huntley St., Toronto 5, Canada.

## Report From the Slums

*Samuel Roddan*

► BEFORE THE WAR, Jap town was a fairly homogeneous cultural island surrounded by dirty hotels, run down apartments, shabby warehouses and evangelical missions. The Japanese, however, remained amazingly clean and healthy. They were solicitous of their fellows, energetic in their daily business and above all cherished an idyllic affection for their children. A close-knit, highly developed family life was their strongest defense against an ugly environment and the loose, apathetic populations which sprawled at the town's perimeter.

Since the Japanese were evacuated, the white slums have been crawling forward street by street until they have secured another firm bridgehead in the east end. They have slopped over into once tidy shops and turned them into dirty one-roomed dwellings. Drug stores and cafes have been boarded up. Cheap overnight hostels have multiplied. Young children roam aimlessly down back allies and defecate behind heaps of rubbish. Little one-door shops are plastered with Scriptures and at night hoarse evangelists exorcise and frighten the few aged people who venture in out of the rain. The nearby beer parlors which did a poor business with the Japanese are crowded with thirsty grubby-looking men and women. Clean, orderly apartments have now become a maze of hideouts for young hoodlums and prostitutes. On Sunday mornings at eleven, the bells of St. James still call the faithful but few worshippers drift in from the parish. Most of the members drive down from prosperous sections of the city and step solemnly into the beautiful church with scarcely a glance at the broken-down hovels which now pock-mark the surrounding area.

During the war, the slums in most Canadian cities widened their frontiers and drove deep breaches into neighborhoods formerly considered at least temporarily safe. Extensive emergency shelter, haphazard shifting and evacuation of populations, the deterioration of apartments and homes, the heavy influx of war workers, low rentals and the absence of any sensible planning and control, have all been party to the present powerful position of the slum.

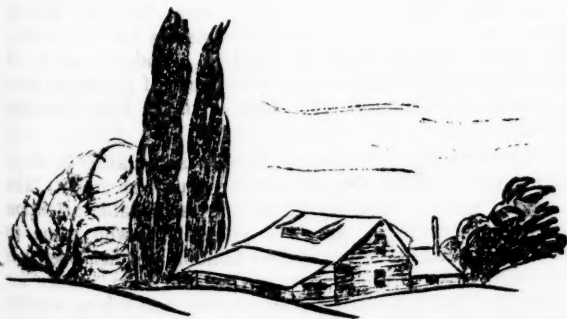
Many veterans and their families are now bogged down in areas which are a remarkable facsimile of the ghettos they fought through in France and Germany. Families which lived for years on the periphery of a danger area are now suddenly finding themselves firmly embedded at its centre where the acceleration of social decay and dissolution is fastest. Hundreds of young families who were unable to secure homes in normal residential neighborhoods are hopelessly entangled in slum life with little chance of ever being able to extricate themselves. It is these, isolated from families of their own standards and aspirations, depressed by the stigma and ugliness of their environment and with no adequate social life apart from the local beer parlor or church prayer meeting, which quickly break down and become tragic problems for the social worker. The incidence of divorce, separation and child neglect is particularly high amongst the new arrivals in a slum area. European and Asiatic families and those who have been conditioned to years of poverty and ill-housing have developed a rugged social and communal fibre which holds them together much longer than many of the lonely, young Canadian families whose sensitive idealism cannot withstand the demoralizing pressures of slum life.

Much of the social work carried on in slum areas, particularly that of charitable institutions, private agencies and

missions, is rather reminiscent of an Advanced Dressing Station in the field. There the casualties are sorted; the seriously wounded shipped out and those with minor injuries quickly patched up, given a cup of hot sweet tea, a little pep talk and then thrown back into the firing line. The wounded soldier, however, has his unique consolations. If he is badly hurt, of course, he knows he is out of the whole rotten mess. If he has only been nicked he can still dream of possible luxurious comfort behind the line, of his own home, of his wife and children. With the slum victim, it is different. He has no hope to buoy him. Apathy, futility and bewilderment, plague him like a neurosis. Often the very presence of a social worker is his first signal that he must be in acute danger—much like the wounded soldier who doesn't quite realize that he has been hit until he sees the stretcher bearer bending over him. The social worker may untangle a few of his family problems, secure attention for his wife, get a family allowance through but the slum victim, deep in his heart, knows that he and his family are trapped in a social salient from which there is no retreat or advance. Despite temporary relief and skilled assistance, he is constantly overpowered by his environment. Intensive community activity, recreational and social facilities, nurseries and playgrounds, hold in check personal and family deterioration in a slum area but they do not of themselves provide the living space, the privacy, the economic and social freedom which are the minimum essentials of a decent home.

Slum clearance is one of the great social engineering tasks facing Canadian cities today. It is much more complex than the appointment of extra social workers, sanitary inspectors and the erection of day nurseries. The demolition of a few unfit houses is dramatic and satisfying to the social zealot but the end results are often misleading. Many slum clearance projects, for instance, have merely provided new housing for higher income groups and sent the evicted inhabitants to surrounding slum areas. A decent housing program would assist in lowering the population density in most slums but such a program must above all take into account the average income group of the present slum dweller and assure him of a home at a rent which he can afford to pay.

It is to be hoped then, that alarmed Citizens' Committees which are now being set up in many Canadian cities to investigate the slum problem will be inspired by more than an emotional and aesthetic revolt against their ugliness. The problem is infinitely more complex than it was before the war, but the first step in slum clearance still remains an understanding of the contributing economic and social causes in their creation and continuance. Often such enlightenment is too painful and expensive for the property owners, real estate agents and business men who somehow always get entrenched on such committees.



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## BOOKS OF THE MONTH

**LITTLE FRIEND, LITTLE FRIEND:** Randall Jarrell; Longmans, Green & Co. (Dial Press); pp. 58; \$2.50.

It is a pleasure to pick up a book of poems and find that the title has accurately stated the theme. Mr. Jarrell's theme, as one might guess, has to do with relationship, and his concern is to describe, fathom, and at times indict, man's relationship to himself, to society, to other men and to his instruments in a time of war.

A reviewer of Mr. Jarrell's earlier volume of poems is quoted on the book-jacket as having said of some of the poems that they "register the pain of human guilt as it has seldom been registered in American poetry." Presumably the publishers mean this description to apply also to the present collection, since a peculiar halo seems to surround the word guilt as it is used in literary criticism these days. Perhaps this is a sign of our guilt-laden times, and the writer who projects such an attitude meets with a universal response in readers and critics. Actually, the expression of guilt in and by itself has a temporary therapeutic value for the person expressing it. The danger lies in thinking that the problem is solved once the guilt is expressed. The two are not necessarily connected, although it is true that the awareness of guilt and its expression often do lead a person to seek a permanent solution.

It is good to find that Mr. Jarrell does not use his poetry to obtain temporary relief from his conscience, or to secure such relief for his readers. His poems are far beyond guilt, and express a stage in his development which the pain of guilt may have helped to bring about, but in which the original guilt has been replaced by the much more decisive feelings of anger, bitterness, and loss. And these feelings, one-sided as they are, are held together by a comprehensive attitude of responsibility. It is this quality of responsibility, and a willingness to assert the point of view to which his feeling and thinking lead him—no matter how negative—that mark Mr. Jarrell's poems as important and mature.

A writer's responsible relation to the content of his poems is always significant. In Mr. Jarrell it has led to the sacrifice of his earlier intellectual virtuosity for the sake of communication. There is no more razzle-dazzle, and the metaphorical horse-play which abounds in his former work has given way to something that is both deep and real in feeling. These poems show that their writer is still a very clever person—too clever and controlled perhaps to ever be a first-rate poet. By this I mean that Mr. Jarrell's intellectual and emotional powers are too evenly balanced; one hopes that he will be able to yield to his poetic medium more freely and that he will eventually succeed in releasing into his poetry some of the feeling which now inhibits it and keeps it taut and nervous.

Mr. Jarrell is perhaps too masculine to be naturally lyrical: nevertheless he achieves a musical transparency in "The Dream of Waking." Generally his cadences are twangy, bumpy with consonants like our North American speech. "A Front" is one of the most moving poems in the book and gives the reader a sense of the tragedy of mankind. The poem is about a bomber plane cut off from communication with the airfield below—the men on the ground can hear the pilot calling through the fog, but have no way of answering. This symbolizes, I think, Mr. Jarrell's conviction that humanity is lost, freezing in nebular regions, and cut off from its original connection to science, knowledge, faith and all that might free it.

Mr. Jarrell's assessment of this war, the causes that led to it, the soldiers who fought and were discharged, killed and

wounded, leads him to a wholly negative conclusion about civilization:

"... you are powerless  
Except to know that you are powerless, to learn  
Your use and your rejection, all that is destroying you—  
And to accept it; the difficult resolution."

He is persuasive in piling up the evidence of man's destructive use of mechanical devices to spread death instead of extending life as their discoverers had dreamed. He is passionate in his search for the why of war, the why of violent death:

"... we burned the cities.  
It was not dying—no, not ever dying;  
But the night I died I dreamed that I was dead,  
And the cities said to me: 'Why are you dying?  
We are satisfied if you are; but why did I die?'"

His most savage indictments are for the reasonless expenditure of human lives in wars, mills, mine pits. Mr. Jarrell is bitter about "the lying amber of the histories" which make war seem tolerable and at times glorious. Mr. Jarrell can feel no justification for war, and he is determined not to reassure his readers about the war which has just ended. In the light of the evidence he presents, emotional and factual, our civilization does indeed seem headed for destruction.

Nevertheless Mr. Jarrell gets no prophetic pleasure from his judgment. Through all his poems there is consistent recognition that man has always had the power to choose whether his gifts will be used for the sake of life or death—for good or evil. Man has had this choice in the past and the poet implies that he has it in the present. Everything depends on how he exercises that choice, and whether he exercises it at all. Mr. Jarrell reckons that so far mankind has voted for death, even if that vote was in the form of a passive lack of resistance to death. He leaves us no illusions about the kind of death we have chosen for ourselves and others—it is poor, sordid and purposeless.

Paradoxically, the book leaves us with the feeling that if civilization were to swing around and start exercising its choice in favor of living and growing, one of the first people to recognize and participate in this choice would be Mr. Jarrell himself.

Miriam Waddington.

**STRANGE TEMPE:** Margaret Crosland; London (Fortune Press); pp. 32; 5 shillings.

Because the flow of books from England during the war was reduced to a trickle, the products of the Fortune Press are less familiar than they should be in Canada. This firm has specialized in reasonably priced editions introducing young and often unknown British poets, many of whom, such as Roy Fuller, Treece, Dylan Thomas, Nicholas Moore, have gone on to establish significant names for themselves. The latest volume continues the high standard and is of added interest to Canadians in that several of its poems have appeared in journals on this side, including *The Canadian Forum*.

There is a most stimulating honesty and clarity in these poems, the simplicity not of a versifier but of an artist. Miss Crosland has not been trying to gain fashionable attention by easy obscurity; she is a young girl who came to emotional maturity in war-rocked London and her poetry is the voice of the young women of her generation, women for whom love was too often a brief meeting and a long waiting that ended in no return—

"These women whose beseeching is unknown,  
who live in a little icy world alone."

Her poems are so arranged as to suggest a sequence of such experiences but the effect is not repetitious, for there is a sense of growth, of the enriching and steadying effect of sorrow itself. Out of loneliness, frustration and bitter contemplation of war's unhumaneness, a spirit is tempered, a character is created to endure in charity and hope. In the best sense, there is something very English about the personality here expressed, something quiet, even gentle, yet essentially durable, with no false cheer about life, but no denial of it either:

"Yet can we push this darkness back,  
Lean on the wind and grasp the thunder,  
taking our strength from love  
and our will from the hatred of hate—  
no other way is the clean world sped  
and our gigantic living stars  
fired in the hollow furnace of our hearts."

Technically *Strange Tempe* is notable for a resilience and clear grace of phrase which is at times more French than English, and for a music that is often mournful but too intelligently directed to be sentimental. Miss Crosland is perhaps most at home in the sonnet, a form she handles with individuality and with an ease which, though contemporary, at its best recalls also the best of Christina Rossetti, as in one which begins:

"No Atlas-heave or wand of Prospero  
conjured this kingdom from the human seas;  
your word enough to weld the lava-glow,  
my look leaped out into a thousand trees."

It is good to see coming out of England again, after the long Eliotic captivity, the poetry of a new generation no less sophisticated or tough but far more concerned with expressing representative human emotions in language designed for representative human beings.

Earle Birney.

**TWENTIETH CENTURY VERSE:** Ira Dilworth; Clarke, Irwin & Co.; pp. 485; \$3.00.

**TRUE HARVEST:** Arthur S. Bourinot; Ryerson; pp. 56, \$2.50.

*Twentieth Century Verse* is an anthology of the work of eighty-four British, American and Canadian poets of the last forty years. Well-known contributions include Walter de la Mare's "The Listeners," Alfred Noyes' "The Highwayman," John Masefield's "Sea-Fever" and Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional." *Canadian Forum* readers will be interested to note that contributions by Canadians include work by L. A. Mackay, E. J. Pratt, Earle Birney, Dorothy Livesay, A. J. M. Smith and Ralph Gustafson.

The older contributions give the book solidity. But to this reviewer they also seem to have about them a sense of remoteness they did not have when we read these poems in more youthful days. Their richness of fine feeling and artistic assertiveness belong to a pre-radar, pre-atomic bomb era. One enjoys them, like an album of favorite gramophone records, because they are charming and reminiscent and panoramically reflect their times. The later poems included have the flavor of contemporaneity but reactions to this last horrifying decade are scanty and the reader who had hoped for some inspiring contact with the present is apt to find only a sense of poetic impotence. While Mr. Dilworth

has shown discernment in his choice and an appreciation of varied moods and styles, this book would seem to be most satisfyingly representative of the century's poetry up to about 1936.

About half of Mr. Bourinot's *True Harvest* is made up of poems from his earlier volumes, *Nine Poems* and *Canada at Dieppe*, already reviewed in these columns. The new poems continue to display the author's delicacy of form and graciousness of feeling. Also their feebleness of thought content. "War's End," for instance, is so vague in tone and so lacking in anything suggestive of the unprecedented nature of the late conflict it might have been written of the end of the war of 1812. In spite of their pleasing manner the poems in this volume convey the general effect of a kind of pseudo-poetry.

Alan Creighton.

**BRAVE HARVEST (The Life of E. Cora Hind):** Kenneth M. Haig; Thomas Allen; pp. 275; \$2.50.

*Brave Harvest* is not a satisfying book. The story of Cora Hind is a colossal subject to tackle because it is the story of the Canadian West. Kenneth M. Haig has herself achieved a brave harvest in putting into 275 pages a readable account, not only of the life of a remarkable woman, but also of highly technical matters such as grain companies and exchanges, farming associations, wheat pools and crop reports. The book is written with devotion, knowledge and honesty. And yet it is a press photograph, not a portrait. Cora Hind was a dramatic figure and the reader persistently seeks something more about Cora herself and what made her tick. The book is curiously barren of any attempt to analyze the woman whose story it is.

Cora Hind went to Winnipeg, in 1884, when its population was 7,000, just after failing to secure her certificate as an Ontario school teacher, something she never wanted to be anyway. The first typewriters had arrived in Winnipeg but no one could use them. Cora taught herself in a month and when the young lawyer Macdonald (later Sir Hugh John), bought a machine, Cora went into his office to use it. There one night she worked till 3 a.m. with Mackenzie and Mann, preparing papers for their railroad. There was born the dream, for which many decades she fought, of a seaport in Manitoba 1000 miles nearer Europe. At 71 she was the first woman passenger out of Churchill. She sat on deck and knitted socks for the captain until she was besieged by reporters, from *The Times* downwards, at Bristol port. At 76, in an evening gown with a little train and silver slippers, she talked for three hours to a packed theatre on her trip to 27 countries, including Russia.

She was 41 when she was invited by the new editor, J. W. Daffoe, to join the *Winnipeg Free Press*. For another 41 years she was a member of his staff. The first act of Daffoe as Chancellor of the University of Manitoba in 1935 was to confer upon Cora Hind an LL.D. for her services to the west. In the intervening years she had become the world authority on wheat and the international wheat market waited yearly for her crop estimate. As one speculator said, if she had not been an honest woman, she would have been a rich one. Her reports on the Canadian crop were fantastically accurate for more than 30 years.

She was a curious combination of qualities. Feminine, domestic, sentimental. An old-time imperialist and herself an empire-builder, she was passionately devoted to Kipling. She loved good clothes and sometimes Cora comes to life in a suit tailored in Bond Street and shoes handmade in Rome. Yet she was a pioneer of pioneers, adventurous, courageous,

and the west is full of apocryphal stories of her. In her 'sixties her costume for fairs and exhibitions was one of high boots, breeks, an embroidered Indian buckskin jacket, a Stetson hat and a gold-headed cane.

She grew up, an orphaned child, on her grandfather's farm in Ontario, in the candle, soap and sugar-making days. She learned to love land, crops and animals from her pioneer grandfather in a pioneer country. She went west six years after the first few hundred bushels of wheat were shipped out; she lived to predict crops far beyond the 500,000,000 mark, and to see Canada doing 42% of the world's international trade in wheat and flour. But her life ended in anxiety for the agricultural west she had seen born. She went to Russia to see for herself what Russia might do to the world's wheat trade. It was characteristic of her that after a lifetime on his staff her letters are still addressed to "Mr." Dafoe. She wrote him that Russia, if and when she chose to do so, can flood the world's market with wheat, and good wheat, at a price which no other country in the world could afford. She had seen her golden west enthroned and now she saw how easily that throne could be toppled. Such one-pointedness as characterized her life meant both success and loneliness. At 60 she was urged to retire. "What would I do?" she asked. "I have had no time for social contacts. Apart from my work, I have nothing."

Kennethe Haig's book is a storehouse of facts, and the source of many hints for the work of other writers. Through the background of agricultural history there gleams the picture of a great continental kingdom, rich, wild and unknown, and over it sweeping the floodtide of land-hungry men and women from more than 30 nations; the patient, personal stories of hundreds of thousands of these people, turning the west acre by acre from wilderness to granary. Out of courting of the soil there grew not only crops of grain, and butter and cheese and meat, but all the social and political and economic problems that must face a maturing society in the modern world. The west knows by experience that it cannot live to itself, but only as part of a peacetime and united world. The book will be a work of standard reference for many years to come, but I hope that now the breaking of the soil has been done by the care and research and reverence of the biographer, some one who will do the portrait of Cora Hind will not be long to follow.

*Blodwen Davies.*

**SOCIALISM FROM WHERE WE ARE:** Hiram Elfenbein; Samson Press; pp. 224; \$1.50.

**THE SOCIAL FRAMEWORK OF THE AMERICAN ECONOMY:** J. R. Hicks and A. G. Hart; Oxford; pp. xiv+261; \$3.50.

Mr. Elfenbein starts off by lambasting all socialist parties, past and present, reviling their tactics and programs, and condemning the confusion and ignorance of their memberships. In fact he appears to be taking socialism, in the current phrase, to the cleaners. What he seeks is some tidy arrangement whereby the transformation from capitalism to socialism can be effected with a minimum of disturbance and with the maximum approval of all classes in the community. He is particularly concerned that the bourgeoisie and the "men of intelligence" shall not be outraged by what the socialists propose. To accomplish this he advocates the institution of (1) a capital levy to pay off the national debt in one shot, and (2) a system of taxation that will produce a permanent surplus in the national budget. With this surplus, he (or the socialist government) will go into the stock market and buy up the shares of the giant corporations of

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America. In fifty years he will have them all paid for, and presumably socialism will then flourish in the land of Uncle Sam and the capitalists will not take it amiss, since the government will have maintained a good market for their securities all along.

This book is a peculiar mixture of reformist nonsense and economic discernment. The author is best in his understanding of the nature of capitalist economy. He sees clearly why a profit system cannot work, "the profit appears in the form of surplus goods which cannot be sold." Moreover he touches upon a great many questions which are important to socialists and the theory of social change. There is a long denunciation of trade unionism; it is shown to be inimical to the propagation of socialism and this is a good illustration of where respectable gradualism will land a man. For once he believes that he is going to achieve socialism in fifty years via the stock market then workers organizations no longer have any value for him; he can condemn them *in toto*. It is a pity that Mr. Elfenbein is so unseasoned in his study of socialism. He has the economic insight for better stuff.

The second book is an English study (Hicks) which has been reworked on the framework of the American economy (Hart). Prof. Hicks, it seems, was not satisfied with the usual elementary text book in economics. He objects to starting off with a theory of value, or approaching the subject from the angle of "descriptive economics" which he in turn describes as "either a dull collection of facts or, alternatively, a discussion of practical politics." Most people, however, will regard these two approaches as rather pertinent to an understanding of the society we live in, and there is nothing to indicate that the authors have provided any startling improvement over the old methods. The book is readable, informative and contains a particularly good exposition of the components of national income and national output, illustrated by United States statistics. But the dilemma that the authors sought to avoid is still existent. Now that he knows the components of the national income, the student must still have knowledge of a theory of value to digest them. If, as the authors recognize, this calls for another book, then what has been gained or saved? Obviously the trick is to give theory and fact side by side.

E. A. Beder.

**LUMBER AND LABOUR:** Vernon H. Jensen; Oxford (Farrar & Rinehart); pp. 308; \$3.75.

This is the fifth in the "Labor in Twentieth Century America" series being turned out by Farrar & Rinehart. The author obviously knows both his industry and his union development up, down and sideways. He has an authoritative grasp of the industrial techniques involved, the geographical layout of the industry and even the inner intrigues within the unions. As a result the book is packed full of

exceedingly valuable information and is a welcome addition to an already important series.

Looking at the book critically, however, there are certain disappointments. The author's very closeness to the subject has resulted in a detailed study of each tree when a quick glimpse of forest would have sufficed. Extremely detailed and chronological treatment does not make for lively reading. People who aren't familiar with labor would find the book technical in many spots and even those who are familiar would tend to skip much of the text unless they were deliberately studying the subject.

It might have been better if Mr. Jensen had merely sketched industrial and union developments in the earlier eastern, central and in the presently less-important southern pine country. Then he could have concentrated on the more recent and significant west coast struggles which now dominate the industry's labor picture. But possibly we have been spoiled by MacAlister Coleman's first book on the Coal Industry which managed to lift what might have been a textbook subject into the realms of sparkling adventure. After all Mr. Jensen hasn't mine workers to write about. His union, by the very nature of the lumber industry, is bound to be divided, comparatively amorphous and therefore hard to glamorize.

Murray Cotterill.

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